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A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 445

HURRAH FOR THE COUNTRY!

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Hurrah for the country—the joyous, the free!
Where the sunshine of heaven looks down on the
land.
Where the wild breezes dally with each leafy tree,
And the brow of the toiler by zephyrs is fanned!
No bustle of city, no hubbub of town,
No dusty street bordered by mortar and brick;
Through woodlands and meadows the roadway
leads down
Where daisies and buttercups blossom so thick.
Exchange thou the gaslights for beautiful stars!
Exchange thou the dust for the perfume of flowers!
And the moonbeams shall spangle, with silvery
bars,
Thy couch on the green grass in even's cool hours.
Hurrah for the country! pure air and blue sky!
Hurrah for the land which blooms freely for all!
Hurrah for the breezes which merrily
Waft bird-notes of music, and trout brooklets'
fall!

The Winning Oar;

OR,

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the
College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-
race, of woman's love, man's treachery,
and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND
KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

Of all the pretty cities of New England—almost
as renowned for handsome towns as the
old England from whence it takes its name—
not a single smiling hamlet can surpass fair
Cambridge, which, with its thirty odd thousand
people, is yet as truly a rural village as in the
days of yore when it could boast but a scant
ten thousand.

As fair a suburb, too, as old Boston can boast,
Brookline and the Highland District to the
contrary notwithstanding; the site of great Har-
vard college—the home of a full thousand of
eminent men, and in all familiar with the his-
tory of the contests between Yale and Harvard
for the championship of the waters, will surely
be able to fix the date as accurately as though I
had written it—a tall, good-looking, well-dressed
fellow got off a railway train at the little station
on the Brighton road, and, using the name of
Cambridge Crossing, but is now dignified
by a more sounding appellation, and walked
slowly down the road which led into Cam-
bridgeport (as the lower part of the town is
called) by means of a bridge over the Charles
river. This bridge, generally known as the
Brighton bridge, the second one spanning the
river as you ascend it from the broad bay be-
low, the first one being known as the Cottage
Farms bridge.

As we have said, this young man was a tall,
well-dressed fellow—in fact, a little too well-
dressed for good taste; he displayed altogether
too much jewelry; diamond studs glittered in
his shirt-front, a costly pin of the same brilliant
gem held together the folds of his scarf, a small
fortune in diamonds he wore in the shape of
rings upon his slender, white, aristocratic fin-
gers; the watch-chain that ornamented the
front of his snowy-white vest was as thick
around as one's finger, and as he drew forth his
timepiece to ascertain the hour, a careful ob-
server would have seen that it, too, was richly
adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of
a thing, fit only for a lady and utterly out of
place in the possession of a gentleman.

At first glance one would have said that this
very much dressed gentleman was a handsome
fellow, for he had curly hair, blue eyes, richly
colored and arranged; a white, aristocratic-
looking face, regular in its features, with the
exception of the nose, which was slightly curved;
the lips were rather thin and bloodless, and there
was a hard, cruel expression about the eyes and
mouth which could hardly be perceived at first,
but to a close examiner it would have been per-
ceptible, although the man took the greatest
care to conceal it. A perfect actor was this in-
dividual, although no stage-player, and from an
early age he had trained his features to con-
ceal, and not to betray, the feelings of his heart.

Of good old blue Boston "cultus" blood came
this gentleman, and yet his enemies said that he
was black sheep if ever there was one in this
world.

He was called Harrison Grahame, but in the
sporting world, where acute "sharps" most do
congregate, he was far better known as Harry
Gray, for thus he abbreviated his name when
"on the turf." He had wit enough to under-
stand that it was no creditable thing for a blue-
blooded Boston gentleman, a Beacon-Hillite
born and bred, to appear in the public prints as



With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest.

the sporting gentleman, the high-spirited
"Corinthian," who found the money to back
the "Dublin Mouse" to box the "Pittsburg
Chicken," or had his daring deeds chronicled as
the plucky sport who broke the Twenty-third
street faro-bank in an eight hours' sitting.

Oh, no! the honored name of Harrison, so
dear to Massachusetts annals—or Grahame, re-
membrance of ancient Scottish chivalry—must
not be soiled in such a manner; but Harry Gray
—why, Harry Gray could do anything, and no
one of the fashionable circle in which he moved
would be the wiser for it.

Carelessly flourishing the light gold-headed
switch he carried, he strode along with a
sturdy stride, apparently at ease with him-
self and all the world, and yet there was a look
upon his face, every now and then, that would
have betrayed to a close observer that he was
far from being easy in his mind.

It did not take Mr. Harry Gray long to cover
the distance which intervened between the rail-
way station and the Brighton bridge over the
Charles river, and as he approached the bridge
the mysterious actions of a man on the upper
side of the structure excited his attention.

This person was well on in years, with a hard,
wiry face, ornamented with a huge nose, very
red at the tip, a pair of shrewd little gray-green
eyes, a bristling iron-gray mustache, and small
side-whiskers of the same hue. He was dressed
very soberly, in complete black—the cut of the
garments, though, being of a rather ancient
type; and he wore an old-fashioned stand-up
collar, a dickey, as it used to be called, encom-
passed by a stiff black stock necktie, which gave
the wearer a semi-military look; and this was
rather enhanced, too, by a peculiar, erect car-
riage nature, the head, an old bearing to the
head, and a sort of a military strut, so that one
used to the manner and style of old army officers
would have pronounced the man to be a veteran
soldier.

Under his arm he carried a light cane orna-
mented with a liassel; no modern
stick, evidently, from this peculiarity.

What attracted the attention of the new-
comer was that the old gentleman had a field-
glass in his hand, and was busily engaged in
surveying the upper part of the river.

"By Jove! it is the veteran!" Grahame ex-
claimed, as he came on; "but, what on earth is
he up to?" but hardly had he asked the question
when the answer occurred to him. "What an
idiot I am!" he continued. "This is the train-
ing-ground of the Harvard crew, and he is
watching their stroke, just as, for the past week,
at Lake Saltonstall, I have been watching the
Yale boys in their training. I wonder which
crew he has bet on? He's a shrewd old dodger,
and is up to as many tricks as any man alive.
If his money is invested on the right side per-
haps I might be able to bring him into the
scheme I have in view; he'd be no bad assistant,
for he's as cunning as a fox and as heartless as a
hawk!"

By this time Grahame had reached the bridge,
and as his footstep, sounding on it, attracted
the attention of the old man, he carelessly put
his glass in his pocket, and adjusting a pair of
eyeglasses upon his nose turned to get a look at
the interloper.

"Hallo, general!" exclaimed the young man,
as he came up to him, "what brings you here?
You're about the last man I expected to see!"

"Same to you, dear boy; same to you!" re-
plied the old gentleman, flourishing his cane in
the air and executing a military salute with it.
"Oh, I've some relatives residing in the town
yonder, and I've just run on from New York for
a visit," Grahame answered, shaking hands with
the old gentleman, an operation on the part of
the general which was performed with great
formality.

And now before I plunge deeper into the nar-
rative I must give some account of this old-
looking old gentleman who is destined to play

quite an important part in the story which I am
about to relate.

He was popularly known as General Lycurgus
McShooter, and among a certain class was about
as widely acquainted as any man in the coun-
try. Few race gatherings were there of any
importance, from New Orleans to Boston, that
were not honored by the general's presence in
the "quarter-stretch," as the noted locality
next to the judge's stand, and sacred to the
heavy bottom, horse-owners, jockeys, etc., is
termed. Not a genteel blackleg in the country
but knew the general, and there wasn't a colored
guardian to the precincts of King's Farm in the
land but would at once display his "ivories" at
the approach of the old gentleman, and gladly,
without parley, admit him to the rooms sacred
to the goddess of Fortune.

In fine, the general was an old sport, and was
about as keen-headed and as unscrupulous an
old scamp as the country could very well pro-
duce.

How he came by the title of "general" no one
knew, although there was a tradition—we say a
tradition, as for the last twenty years the gen-
eral had not altered apparently in the least, and
no one knew anything more about him than
that at present—that he was formerly an officer
in the army, and had been cashiered for some
questionable practices.

The general, when questioned upon the point,
always insisted that he was one of the veterans
of the war of 1812 and that he had won a gen-
eral's grade in that struggle, and when asked, as
to his age, replied with great gravity that he
was one hundred and ten years old, and that he
fully expected to live to be a hundred and fifty
at the least.

"Some relatives, eh?" the general remarked.

"Yes, but what brings you here?"

"Oh, friends in Boston—friends in Boston!"

The general replied, lightly swinging his switch
in the air.

"Yes, but what are you doing on this bridge?"

"Merely taking the air, eh?"

"With a field-glass, eh?"

"Observing the scenery, that's all, dear boy!"

"And you are not watching the Harvard
crew?"

"Oh, what an idea!"

"See! here they come now!" and Grahame
pointed up the stream, and the general instantly
turned his keen, hawk-like eyes in the direction.

"I take a great deal of interest in this crew."

"Ah, you do?"

"Yes; the stroke oar is my cousin, Otis Law-
rence, or 'Bub' Lawrence as he is generally
termed."

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAINOUS SCHEME.

"Indeed! you astonish me, dear boy!" the
general exclaimed.

The conversation was cut short by the ap-
proach of the crew.

Down the stream and around the slight curve
in the river came the Harvard boat, the light
racing shell manned by its eight hardy, plucky
oarsmen and its little dapper coxswain; for this
year, after the English fashion which the Har-
vard boys had brought back with them from
their brief visit across the water to Albion's
shores, the race with Yale was to be rowed with
coxswains contrary to the usual American cus-
tom.

With the regularity of clockwork the eight
oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vi-
gilant eye upon the rest of the crew and instruct-
ing an individual member every now and then
in regard to his pulling; in fact, acting as
"coach" to the crew, contrary to the English
custom where the "coach," an instructor of the
crew, generally runs at full speed along the
bank of the river thus keeping up with the boat
and shouts his instructions at them. As for in-
stance:

"Steady! No. 8! you bend your back too

much. No. 5, too long in your recovery. No.
4, put more power in your elbow. Now give it
to her, all together!—quicken! hit her up, hit
her up!"

The crew were not rowing in downright earn-
est but were only paddling along, so to speak,
for they well knew that vigilant, watching eyes
were upon them, and it was not part of their
policy to show exactly what they really could
do until the day of the race came, when, side by
side with their opponents, they waited for the
—"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!" of the
judge.

And then, too, after passing the lower bridge
there was a broad stretch of water, a couple of
miles at the least, where they could exert their
powers without danger of being so closely
watched as in the narrow stream above.

Although merely playing at rowing, as it
were, yet the long light shell shot under the
bridge at a rapid pace—the college boys stripped
naked to the waist, their skins tanned by the
rays of the sun as brown almost as a red In-
dian's, and their heads surmounted by the crim-
son handkerchief which so often had led the
way, in many a hard-fought race, past the
judge's stand.

Under the bridge darted the boat, emerged on
the other side, and went flashing down the
river, the four pair of oars moving with the reg-
ularity of time itself; past the old powder-house
and its little dock on the Cambridge side, past
Grove, the old-time swimming-place of
the Boston boys on the Brookline shore, where,
in the halcyon days of our boyhood, my brother
George—now in the silent tomb, his busy pen
condemned to the rest which in this life he never
gave—and myself learned, like the ancient Ro-
mans, to rise stroke to stroke, and wave, under
the Cottage Farms bridge and out into the broad
bay beyond went the boat.

Turning and leaning their backs against the
rail the two men from their point of vantage
watched the boat until it disappeared under the
Brookline bridge.

The general by means of the field-glass had
watched the crew very narrowly indeed, and as
the boat disappeared from sight he closed the
glass up and with a half-sigh returned it to his
pocket.

The young man with his shrewd, cunning
eyes had watched the old man narrowly and he
fancied that, despite the astuteness of the old
fox, he could detect what was passing within
his mind.

"Well, what do you think of the crew?" he
asked.

"Well, deuced good one, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear boy, a very fine crew, indeed; the
best crew that I have seen for many a long day.
They are only just paddling along—just playing
at pulling, you know—and yet they are making
about thirty strokes to the minute."

And then for the first time the young man
noticed that the general had his watch out and
that he had been timing the boat.

"Well, that's pretty good," Grahame ob-
served, as the general returned the watch to his
pocket.

"Pretty good, dear boy!" exclaimed the old
man, elevating his eyebrows; "well, I should
say that it was pretty good! That crew, sir, on
the day of the race, when pushed can make
from forty-two to forty-six strokes to the
minute, and put power in them, too. Did you
notice how their stroke takes hold of the water,
and what a splendid recovery they have, too?
By the eternal Jove, sir! I don't believe that
there is a crew in the world that can beat them
in a fair race."

"It's a pity that you have bet heavily against
them," Grahame observed, carelessly.

"Eh?" cried the general, sharply, turning in
surprise; "how did you know that?"

"Oh, guessed it, that's all," answered Gra-
hame. "I'm in the same boat; I stand to lose
ten thousand dollars if the Harvard crew wins
the race."

"The deuce you do! Dear boy, you astonish
me!"

"Yes; I got picked up on the extraordinary
odds offered. In one of the New York clubs I
heard an old Harvard man boldly offer to bet
three to one on crimson handkerchiefs, thirty
to ten, I had seen the Yale crew at work and
knew that they were a very fine crew, and I
had heard, too, that the Harvards had only an
indifferent set of men in their boat this year, so
I jumped at the offer and booked it there and
then, and a precious fool I was, too."

"That is truth, dear boy, these dark horses
are terrible things to bet against, sometimes. I
got picked up the same way. The odds offered
struck me as being ridiculous, and so I invested;
two thousand dollars, too, just think of it! That's
a nice sum for a man of my age and ex-
perience to get fooled out of! After I had made
the bet it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps
I was a little too hasty, and so I took a run on
here to look at the crew."

"Well, what do you think of your chance
now?"

"Dear boy! that two thousand dollars is
gone!" the general replied, with a solemn shake
of the head. "To use the old sporting saying,
it is Lombard street to a China orange that these
fellows win. They can't lose except by acci-
dent."

"We had better 'hedge,' then, by betting
now that Harvard wins, and by laying sufficient
money we may be able to save ourselves."

"A very bright thought, dear boy, and one
that occurred to me yesterday, and I instantly
telegraphed on to New York. This is the an-
swer I received," and the general took a tele-
gram from his pocket and handed it to
Grahame.

The young man read it aloud:

"Odds four and five to one; no takers; no good."

"You see, my dear fellow, we are regularly
let in for it," the general remarked, with a dole-
ful air. "But you can stand it; ten thousand is a
trifle to you, while two thousand is utter ruin to
me."

Grahame made a wry face.

"My dear general, since it is probable that
you and I will have to act together in this mat-
ter I may as well confess to you that I couldn't
raise a thousand dollars in the world to save my
life."

"You astounded me!"

"It's the truth; I've been terribly unlucky of
late; I am very deeply involved, indeed, and I
relied upon this bet to help me out. Hark ye,
general, I'm in a pretty bad box, and I've just
made up my mind the Harvard crew have got
to lose this race!"

"Difficult, difficult, dear boy," cried the gen-
eral, with a wise shake of the head. "These col-
lege chaps have got such queer notions of honor
and all that sort of thing. You can't buy 'em,
you know, to 'throw' the race, like you can
them in a while."

"By fair means they can't lose and so by foul
means they must!" Grahame replied, a deter-
mined light shining in his eyes.

"Oh! I think I understand," the general
said, with a knowing wink, after a moment's
pause; "the stroke-oar, your cousin, Bub, ex-
actly; you say his name is? You can do something
with him. He could manage the matter easily
enough. Thirty thous! Make him an offer to
stand in with him; give him half the swag;
fifteen thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed at."

"It would be as much as my life is worth to
even hint at such a thing, for Bub is as fine an
athlete as there is in the country, and he most
surely would try to strangle me on the spot. A
million in gold wouldn't buy him to 'throw' the
race."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the general,
reflectively; "a remarkable man—and they are
so scarce, too!"

"No; whatever is done must be done by cunning
and by trickery. But has he a sister? He's
like all these muscular, big-hearted men. He is
as simple and trusting as a child. He likes me,
and believes me to be the best friend that he has
on earth, when, in reality, I have hated him
from boyhood as bitterly as possible. His very
clinch was a grievous wrong to me, and some
five years his senior. His father and my father
were brothers; my uncle was a rich man and a
confirmed old bachelor, as all supposed, while
my father was a poor man. Bub's father always
liked me from my birth, and often said that I
should be his heir, and then all of a sudden he
took it into his head to get married. Bub was
born, and of course that put my nose complet-
ely out of joint, although the old fellow when he
died had the decency to leave me twenty thou-
sand dollars, but what was that paltry sum com-
pared to the half million which Bub and his sis-
ter, Helena, came in for?"

"Oh! dear boy, go for the sister!"

"That is exactly my game and that is partly
why I came here now. I have been paying
court to Helena for some time; she's a shy girl,
but I rather think she favors me. At any rate,
she will not go against her brother if he advises
her to accept. So, upon his decision all depends.
If he says yes and accepts me as Helena's
future husband, all well. I'll make a clean
breast of how I stand and bow some
money of him to meet my debts; but if he re-
fuses—"

"And you think he will," added the general,
shrewdly.

"I'm afraid so," Grahame replied, with a
lowering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll
do my best to ruin him and make his crew lose
this race. He is mixed up in a love affair now
with two girls—"

"Two?" exclaimed the general, in astonish-
ment; "by the beard of my grandfather! wouldn't
one be enough at a time?"

"Well, it's an odd affair, and I'll explain it to
you as we walk along. Come with me up to old
Cambridge. I am to meet Bub at five this after-
noon at a certain place where the students re-
port, and after my interview with him, we
can lay our plans. If I fail in my suit, as I think
I will, despite Bub's friendship for me."

CHAPTER III.

THE WOODBINE INN.

"Go ahead!" cried the general; "I am with
you, dear boy, in anything to save my little
two thousand."

aroused and angered by his loud raving, hissed, rattled and squirmed in anticipation of battle with the desperate man. "Diab!e! Help! Murderer Voodoo!—help, or I perish! If I die, a secret dies with me, Help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surroundings. Near the ceiling, and on all four sides, extended a continuous cage of finely woven wire. In this cage were confined the serpents whose hissing, gliding and rattling struck terror to the heart of the captive. The floor of the cell was of cemented flags. On three sides were massive and impenetrable walls; on the fourth side, a small, grated window. At this window stood Xlmo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forward the lamp. In a single second, when discovering that he was safe from the fangs of the serpents, Victor Bramont recovered his usual spirit of dare-devil boldness.

"Ho! you wretch! You thought to scare my life out! What next, Catherine Plaque?—which ever you are. *Sacre!* Release me!" "It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the deed of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bramont!"

"Diab!e! Then you mean to kill me, after saying that I was not your prisoner!" "Catherine Plaque!" exclaimed Helen Varcla, stepping to the window and grasping the Voodoo roughly by the arm. "Woman! do I hear that you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child? What have I done to you, to be the victim of such base treachery?"

"Diab!e!" muttered Bramont. "I am right, Helen Varcla is Selissa Gordon."

"Speak not of the past, but of the present," said the Voodoo, quickly, and freeing her arm from the gripe of the actress.

"Secondly, Bramont," cried Franz Edouin, showing himself, "these women have business with you. Have it over briefly. Then you will settle an account with me."

"Diab!e!" exclaimed Bramont in his heart, while he eyed the man in a puzzled way; "this is Franz Edouin, the French detective whom I once met abroad, and who looked to me the image of Dorian Ray at the time when Ray, crazy over the death of his wife, was confined in the private asylum." And aloud, he snapped: "With you! In account with you! *Sacre!* Another foe. And what have I done to you?"

"You are the wretch who persecutes the woman pledged to be my bride. I have sworn that you or I must die!"

"Oho, my merry fellow! If I am to have a fair show, I shall soon be rid of you—be sure of that. If you are thinking of the beautiful Osalind Ray, make up your mind that she is mine, pledged to me seventeen years ago—"

"Rascal! Let me enter his cell!"

But the Voodoo held him back, while she thought:

"A mystery here; for I know that Dorian Ray did not have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It did not occur to Helen Varcla that the declaration of Victor Bramont contained anything remarkable. Her mind being preoccupied with a hungry longing to discover, from him, the whereabouts of her own child, it did not strike and impress her, as it did the Voodoo, that Dorian Ray could not possibly have had a daughter as long ago as seventeen years prior to this night, although she, as well as Xlmo, might have recollected the date, and that Dorian Ray, helplessly insane, was confined in a private asylum at that time. She was meditating on this when she saw the man who tried to strangle me because I witnessed his tampering with the medicine of Gertrude Ray; who robbed me of my child; who stabbed the nurse in treacherous payment of her own treachery in sending him to die. Now, when I have heard he shall tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

Franz Edouin had gripped one of the bars at the narrow window as if he would wrench it out and get at the imprisoned man whose speech made the blood boil with indignation. Xlmo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjointed the stoutly-riven bars—and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch, where is my child?" "Do you think I have carried the brat about, from place to place, for seventeen years?" he snapped.

"Nothing of the sort," continued the actress. "But that you know where she is, I am convinced. And never, until you come out of there alive, until my questions are answered and answered truly."

"Very right," passed in the brain of Victor Bramont; "I do know where she is, and no one else can tell. But he spoke no word aloud." Victor Bramont, then, the actress, grasping the iron bars and glaring angrily through the window, "twenty-one years ago Dorian Ray, and Gertrude, his wife, had a boy child—"

"Diab!e! I know that. I know, also, that you may as well love Dorian Ray yourself, as afterward hated him because he married this Gertrude."

"No matter!" she interrupted, suppressing the fiery passion which arose within her at remembrance of the time when, twenty-two years before, Dorian Ray had rejected her unceremoniously in favor of love. "No matter. You, vile wretch, were as deeply enamored of Gertrude as I was wild to possess Dorian Ray."

"Diab!e! that is true."

"You vowed that she should never live as another man's wife. You vowed that she should hate you both man and wife, and wormed yourself into an intimacy with Dorian Ray—"

"Diab!e! yes; and so did you in the same manner, for you won the confidence of his wife, while you hated her immensely. We were a pair, eh?" sneered Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

"Most gracious Heaven!" murmured Franz Edouin to himself. "I feel that I am now to learn the grand, and mayhap, terrible secret which has blighted the lives of Dorian Ray and my beloved Osalind!"

"But I was not the guilty serpent you were," resumed Helen Varcla, her brilliant eyes glancing with fury and scorn upon her enemy. "When Dorian Ray was lost to me—although I intensely hated him and all that was his from that moment—I would at least have let him live in peace, and rather felt a pride that I did not betray the gall in my wounded heart. You, despicable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you had buried your passion for her, and by toadying to Dorian Ray you succeeded in becoming an inmate of his household."

"You tempted Dorian Ray, and finally led him to the commission of a breach of trust which necessitated his flight from the country. When you had removed him from your path, by means of most diabolical treachery, you made proposals to his wife, which she, as a true woman, scorned and severely resented. When delivered of her child, and while sick almost unto death, I saw you deliberately poison her; for I was then, by chance, in the house, and caught you in the very act."

"She is trying to draw me into a confession before these witnesses," he muttered, in his mind, glancing covertly at the Voodoo and the detective. "Diab!e! go on, Helen Varcla!" the last aloud.

"I pursued you through the garden, to catch you and have you hung for the perpetration of such a dastardly deed, for you led when you saw that I had detected you. You tried to strangle me in the garden. Had these arms of mine possessed the muscle then that they do now—barring her large, tough and sinewy arm and shaking a tight-clenched fist at him—"It would have been you—not me—left insensible

on the grass! Dorian Ray, returning too late even for his wife's funeral, became a veritable madman with grief, and had to be placed in an insane asylum. His son, who bore the birthmark of a red crescent in the palm of his right hand—was placed, by proper persons, in the Orphan Asylum at Chichester—"

The actress was interrupted, and all were startled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some infuriated animal. Franz Edouin, with wide staring eyes, panting breath, and whole frame quivering with a terrible excitement, tugged and wrung savagely at the bars, straining every nerve until red in the face, while he gasped and shouted, hoarse and choked:

"Let me in there! Find me an opening! I tell you I shall go mad!"

"Foolish young man!" exclaimed the Voodoo, sternly, and no longer able to keep him back from the bars. "You cannot get into that cell, for it has no entrance down here. I must remind you that you too, are a captive in this house, and if you seek to harm Victor Bramont—who is the exclusive prisoner of Helen Varcla—I may promise you that you will fare badly at other hands than his. Peace, I say!"

"I must have my grip on the throat of yonder villain!" cried Franz Edouin, maintaining his fierce but futile assault upon the bars. "There is a great mystery in what I have heard. I bear the scar of a red crescent in the palm of my right hand! I was released from the Orphan Asylum at Chichester four years ago! This must mean that the murderer of my mother, and Dorian Ray must be my father! I have been near marrying the daughter of my father, who is my sister or half-sister, and so commit a crime which all the mercy of God will not excuse! Let me get at this man and compel him to speak!—for he alone may be able to clear up the tangle of what I fear. If my discoveries forbid me, by the laws of Heaven, to wed with my adored Osalind, then will I tear the very vitals from your carcass—scoundrel Bramont! You shall speak, I say, if I have to prod your tongue with red-hot forks! Open a way for me, Voodoo! open!—or every block of stone will I dig out with these nails of mine! Devil Bramont! murderer of my mother! I will reach you presently!" and he wrenched and fought at the bars like a man possessed by a hundred avenging races.

Bramont, startled and, for a moment, in fear of his life, maintained an exterior of dogged coolness, though he exclaimed, behind his teeth:

"Diab!e! then I was correct in my suspicion. Here is the son of the woman I poisoned, and who, by that unlucky speech of the actress, has discovered himself to be the son of Dorian Ray. At this rate, the whole secret will come out, unhelped by me. *Sacre!* Then these foes of mine, having no further use for me, will leave me to die of snake-bites, or strangle me, or dispose of me in some other horrible manner. My life must be saved. I must run risks of catching them all by the hip some other time. Let me devise means to escape from them, and once free, we shall start another battle at cunning. Yes—diab!e!—my life first! I will speak to them."

And aloud he snarled:

"Hollo, there! Voodoo! actress! Grapple with that madman! I will tell you what you ask, but upon one condition."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 441.)

GOING HOME.

BY ETHEL.

Yes! I'm getting old and feeble; My hair is silvery white. And my step is slow and faltering. For my eyes are full of sight. Down life's hill I'm slowly going; Soon I'll cross the deep, dark stream Over which the angels beckon. Beckon still, as in a dream!

Way beyond the silent river— There, the dear ones gone before. Ever linger, till my coming. Close beside the outer door— Waiting there to guide me over Crystal streams and streets of gold— We'll go to meet them in the heaven, And all mystery to unfold.

I am longing for the message That will bid me haste away; For, though earth is fair and joyous, I've no wish to longer stay. For my darling's gone before me, And I'm lonely here to-night As I sit and paint the future In the fast darkening twilight.

Oh! the blessed promised future! Sorrows never, never come! There the soul, in joy forever, Through the heavenly city rooms; There we'll see and know each other; There will be no parting there. Far beyond the still, dark river: Up above the "Golden Stair."

Elegant Egbert;
OR,
THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES VESEY, DETECTIVE.

THE foregoing caption appeared on the door-post of a certain hallway, on a business street in New Orleans, and again on a door in the second story of the building.

It was read with mingled feelings of hope and misgiving by three persons, who, having read it, entered the room.

Within they found a very small boy seated on a very high stool, who motioned them to seats with a wave of his hand, and told them that Mr. Vesey was busy at present, but would give them audience shortly.

In an inner room stood a man of perhaps thirty, before a contrivance in the wall by which he could look into the outer office, without himself being seen.

He seemed very much struck by the beauty of the two ladies who had called upon him. One piercing glance at the gentleman escorting them satisfied him in that direction, and he returned to the common occupation of contrasting the rival types of feminine loveliness—a pure blonde and a glowing brunette.

After an interval of perhaps ten minutes he seated himself at a desk and struck a bell.

The small boy jumped down off the stool, opened the door of communication, and waited for the ladies and their escort to enter.

Mr. Vesey was busy folding a sheet of legal-cap paper. As he slipped it into a pigeon-hole in his desk, he rose and received his visitors with marked courtesy.

"While Sibyl Stanhope told her story Mr. Vesey listened mutely, taking notes."

"That, sir," said the lady, in conclusion, "is the narrative. I have suppressed the names, since if you do not undertake the case, it will do you no good to know them. Now, assuming that the man is innocent, is there any chance of establishing the fact before the law?"

M. Bourdoine nodded his head repeatedly in approval of Sibyl's statement of the case, while his face glowed with admiration of his pupil.

Adele gazed at the detective, as if he were the oracle of Egbert's fate.

Before giving his decision the detective compressed his lips reflectively, and went over his notes.

"There has been an interval of nine-teen years!" he said, indicating by dragging the syllables that nineteen years was a long time.

"Yes," said Sibyl, and both her heart and Adele's went down to zero.

"The clerk, whom we assume to be the real forger, or at least the prime mover in the matter, if his hand did not really execute the false signature, is alive and a partner in the business, the senior partner having died."

"Yes."

"The young man whom we assume to have been a possible accomplice—Ah! is he still living?"

"Yes."

"His present occupation?"

"He is a professional gambler."

"Ah! In the city?"

"Do not know where he is."

"Last seen?"

"In Memphis."

"How long since?"

"Three months."

"He might be found somewhere on the river, I reckon."

"I think that he pursues his calling on the boats between St. Louis and New Orleans."

"The messenger boy is still living?"

"Yes."

Sibyl's heart rose in her throat, as she thought how near he had been to death.

"Is he accessible?"

"If necessary."

"You suspect no one else of complicity in the affair, or of knowledge of it in any way?"

"No."

The detective tapped his desk with his penholder, and thought.

His visitors hung in breathless suspense.

Presently he looked up and fixed his eyes on Sibyl's face.

"Madam," he said, "you must not be too sanguine of success."

"We are not," said Sibyl.

"Nineteen years ago is a very long time."

"I grant it."

"And much of the evidence that might have existed then may now be hopelessly destroyed."

"We have been seeking to recover money," pursued the detective, "I should call it the poorest of poor investments. But reputation is another thing. People are not always disposed to limit its value by a fixed sum. However, I feel it my duty to say to you that unless you can afford to throw away hundreds, and perhaps thousands of dollars, without advancing one step toward the attainment of your object, you had better not embark in this undertaking."

"Money is no object to us. We shall not count the cost. All we desire is the knowledge that every person has been done that can be done to accomplish the end."

"After spending ten thousand dollars and a year of time, I warn you, you may stand just where you do to-day."

"Oh! it is as hopeless as that!" sighed Adele.

"That is the dark side of the picture," said Sibyl firmly.

"Yes," admitted the detective.

"Now what is there on the affirmative?"

"I overlooked one question. Is the clerk, now a member of the firm, rich?"

"I do not know."

"At any event, money would have been a large one, to involve a check of that amount."

"Yes."

"Well, assuming that the clerk had an accomplice or accomplices, they may not have been so disinterested as a money point of view as he. Upon assurance of immunity from the law, they might be induced, in consideration of a few hundreds or thousands of dollars, according to their estimate of their own reputation, to turn State's evidence in an arraignment of the clerk for complicity."

"If such a person can be found, you may promise him a hundred thousand dollars!" said Sibyl, flushing with excitement.

The detective smiled and elevated his brows slightly.

"There is one drawback to this course," he said. "It would look as if we were bribing a scoundrel to perjure himself. As the man attacked is of high reputation, there would have to be strong corroborative evidence to support the oath of our witness, which we may safely assume does not exist."

Sibyl turned pale. Her brief hopes were dashed to the ground.

"This gambler's oath, for instance, unsupported, would count for nothing against that of a respectable business man."

"If my overt act would not induce him to testify in favor of the man he wronged," said Sibyl, unconsciously assuming that Jack was really guilty.

"The chances are, then, one step more removed."

"Is there no other course?"

"One."

"And that is?"

"This quondam clerk might be watched. It is among the possibilities that, in his prosperity, he may have been paying 'hush-money' to some one. If this can be established, together with plausible evidence of the conspiracy, we may make something out of it."

"Mr. Vesey," said Sibyl, "begin the surveillance you suggest to-day!"

The question of remuneration was then dispatched, and when Mr. James Vesey bowed his patrons out of a door other than that by which they had entered (an innocent business trick by which the detective was enabled to be always "busy" when called upon) he was radiant with affability, and the first step had been taken toward establishing Egbert Stanhope's innocence of crime.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

M. BOURDOINE TAKES THE DETECTIVE FEVER.

DETECTIVE VESEY at once entered upon the task of "piping" Paul Harney. He found that he lived in grand style and supported an extravagant family.

He had no difficulty in gaining an opportunity to study the man himself. He noted the furtive restlessness of the eye, the languid look of one whose rest was broken, and a predisposition to nervous trepidation which might mark one who was a prey to corroding care.

Having struck up an acquaintance with the broker's clerk, Vesey learned that Mr. Harney had been in the city for nearly a month, beginning on the first or second of the month—a spell of indisposition had confined him to his house for a week or ten days, and he had not seemed right well since.

Next James Vesey had a spy in the very citadel, the room of communication, and he was able to look in on the detective when he was alone.

From this source he learned that the cotton-broker not infrequently occupied his library until far into the night, when an ear at the key-hole might hear him pacing incessantly up and down, muttering to himself and moaning as if in great distress.

Lastly, the detective had Paul Harney under personal surveillance, from the time he left his palatial home in the morning until he had returned to it for the night.

For six weeks he discovered absolutely nothing.

The suspense told upon Sibyl, in an unwanted pallor of the cheek and, when she was not dissembling lightness of spirits in Egbert's presence, in an air of waiting, ever waiting.

Putting her own trouble aside, Adele devoted herself to the task of cheering the sorely-tried wife.

M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impatience, called the detective and his assistants duffers, and finally worked himself up to such a pitch, between his anxiety for his pupil and his own impatience to delay, that he set himself to watch Paul Harney.

"Sibyl," said her husband, when one day she returned to him with an unusual depression of spirits, "give up this vain pursuit."

"Why, we have but just begun, dear," she replied, smiling with an effort.

"But you are being worn out by anxiety."

"My husband," replied the loyal wife, "when you have suffered twenty years, can I not watch one?"

"But the longer you cling to hope, the more bitter will be the inevitable disappointment."

"We are not prepared to concede that disappointment is inevitable, you know."

"My darling, I cannot have your health undermined. Let us go away from here, where your anxiety will not be so constantly on the strain. The detectives can work just as well without our immediate presence."

"Not yet, Egbert. Let me have my own way yet a little longer, my over-solicitous friend!" urged Sibyl, with an assumption of lightness that was pathetic, it was so veined with sadness.

The next day she had her reward.

M. Bourdoine rushed into her presence as wild with excitement as if he had just discovered a gold mine.

"*Ah! grace a ciel!* (heaven be praised!)" he cried, catching her hands and kissing them, "ze eye of love shall discern in ze darkness—ze impurity of love shall prevail against ze destiny implacable! My pupil, I salute your hand! Monsieur," turning to Egbert, "I embrace you vis ze congratulation heartfelt!"

Sibyl and Adele instantly took the infection of excitement. Even Egbert could not prevent the color from receding from his face.

"Oh, what is it, dear friend?" asked Adele.

"I am just from ze prince of detective, M. Vesey."

"Yes! yes! And what has he discovered?"

"A woman!"

M. Bourdoine laughed at their puzzled looks.

"*Eh bien!* is not ze woman at ze bottom of all mischief?" he cried.

"Yes; but what of this woman?" asked Adele, willing to concede the argument in general, if only she could get at the facts in particular.

M. Bourdoine assumed his most melodramatic air.

"Conceive ze situation!" he said. "M. Craig goes out to town—"

"Yes," interrupted Adele, "he went the day before yesterday, on a vacation of two days."

"Good! Ze arch-conspirator is alone in his private office—alone vis ze conscience troublesome. He paces to and fro. He frowns. He pulls his mustaches."

"At ze door—yes. But behold! around ze corner she have just stepped from a carriage."

"She is not meanly dressed? ze beggar ride note in ze carriage."

"*Eh bien!* she is ze fashion-plate embodiment."

"Beautiful!"

"*Parbleu!* how shall yone know? Ze veil envious hide her face like ze mask. *Allons! nous avons un mystere!* (Come, here is a mystery!)"

"And the woman entered the office?" asked Adele, fretting at M. Bourdoine's dramatic narrative.

"Enters, and is closeted, five—ten—fifteen—twenty minute vis ze arch-conspirator!"

M. Bourdoine paused to let this announcement have its full effect.

"Well!" urged Adele.

"Ze detective gets a carriage and stations eet at a little distance. Zen he lie in wait."

"Ze woman comes forth!"

"*Voila!* her step is a stride, her carriage is erect, like yone who is elated. She pass near ze detective. She pant, like yone who have triumph. She is flushed. Her eyes sparkle through her veil."

"She enter her carriage. Ze detective enter his."

"Keep zat carriage in sight," is his order. "Monsieur, eet shall be done," replies ze driver."

"As zey go, ze detective change his disguise."

"Ze carriage stop. Madame has entered a bank! *Eh bien!* has she a deposit to make?"

Again M. Bourdoine paused.

"Go on," urged Adele.

"Ze detective enters ze bank. Ville madame deposit five hundred dollar—attend!—five hundred dollar!—he get change for five dollars and pass out."

"Once more he follow her to her place of abode!"

"All this may be consistent with the lady's innocence of blackmail, which seems to be your inference," observed Egbert.

"Hold yone moment!" Ze detective goes back. Behold M. Harney appear livid vis ze pallor of ze ghost. His knees tremble. He have ze aspect of terror. He enter ze carriage wich ze messenger boy have summoned, and drive home two hour before his usual time!"

"*Allons, mon ami! qu'est ce que c'est que cela?* Come, my friend, what is the significance of all this?"

"My dear," said Egbert, taking his trembling wife in his arms, "do not build too much hope upon this. It is most likely delusive."

She made no reply. She only rested in his arms, with her face hidden in his breast.

For a week detective Vesey "piped" Paul Harney's lady visitor. The information gained may be condensed in the following:

SUMMARY:

1. Name—Mdm. Angelice.

2. Nativity—French.

3. Style of living—Good to elegant.

4. Means of support—None visible.

M. Bourdoine's detective fever left him no rest, though it must be confessed that his methods lacked system. If he had accomplished results commensurate with the zeal and energy displayed, he would have left nothing for the professional detective.

On the evening of the day one week subsequent to the strange lady's visit to Paul Harney, the Frenchman was hurrying through the streets when a woman dressed in dark gray waterproof cloak came down a cross street and passed quickly before him. A puff of wind blew aside her veil, and he caught a glimpse of her face in the light of the street lamp.

"*Ah! grace a Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman, and caught her by the wrist.

The woman uttered a scream of affright and struggled to get away; but he would doubtless have held her, had not a new actor appeared on the scene—a stout, broad-shouldered fellow, who with a single blow of his fist knocked M. Bourdoine hopelessly out of time.

Taking advantage of her release, the woman sped away in the darkness. But before she did so her eyes rested a moment in terror on the face of the man who had interfered in her behalf.

He, too, saw her face before she could drop her veil. A moment he stood as if undecided, and then, with an oath, he left M. Bourdo

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
28 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

With this number closes the very interesting and valuable series of "Typical Women"—which have been a very pleasant feature of the paper for many weeks. Another series, we are pleased to state, will ere long be given, from Dr. Legrand's pen, of characters noted in history and literature—thus admirably sustaining the interest excited in this department of the paper.

In Mr. Aiken's "Winning Or"—started in this number—readers have a most reasonable romance. It is sure to enlist the attention of Collegians generally, since the "Winning Or" is a "Harvard Boy" of the best stamp; but, as it is also a powerful LOVE ROMANCE, its two-fold elements of interest, well wrought into a plot of more than ordinary power and mystery, will command for it unusual attention.

Strong and Sterling serials, from the ever popular pens of Joseph E. Badger, Jr., and Oli Combes, are soon to be given. They are in their authors' best style and favorite fields of Wild Western and South-western life—in which the SATURDAY JOURNAL stands pre-eminent among popular weeklies. No paper presumes to vie with it in that field.

A new story, by Corinne Cushman, is already in hand and soon to follow. It is, like her other serials, a LOVE STORY—a romance of Two Girls' Fates, written with that power and feeling that have made Corinne Cushman's name a great favorite with a very large class of people, old and young.

Sunshine Papers.

Eligibilities.

SADIE is twenty-one and not married. So dreadful! Such an age! Just think of it! Twenty-one years old, and for three years she has been looking out for a husband, with all the aid that her anxious mamma could give her; but, notwithstanding the combined efforts of two determined and eager women, no male creature has yet been found to unite his destiny with that of Sadie. But the young woman's lack of success has not resulted from utter want of admirers; being bright, and pretty, and not at all at a loss to make the most of her advantages, Sadie is considerable of a favorite with gentlemen. None of the masculines, however, who have indulged in admiration of her, have been eligible as marital partners, and though Miss Sadie has condescended to smile upon them, she has taken good care that they should not presume further upon her acquaintance than to aspire to the winning of one of those same smiles. No indeed! Miss Sadie is a well-brought-up young woman, and from her childhood has known what style of persons are eligibilities, matrimonially considered.

Therefore, Miss Sadie's husband—if she ever gets one—must be of a good figure, rather than of a good heart; the height of his stature will be taken more into consideration than the height of his intellect; it will be far more important that he know how to bow gracefully, enter a room artistically, and wait divinely, than that he know how to labor skillfully, hold his place among intelligent thinkers, and aspire to help on the best good of humanity; if he can frame his avowal of love in the most polished and courteous sentences, can seal it with a circle of precious stones, and can lead Miss Sadie to the altar before a crowd of fashionable friends, that just such words have been spoken again and again to women who have never realized their promises, that just such jewels have paid the price of feminine dishonor and masculine indulgence, and that all those friends known as his *intimates* and occasional drunken debauches, will be generously overlooked; if his name is connected with fame, or aristocratic ancestry, or a big bank account, it matters not how sullied it may be by dishonorable acts, infidel avowals and immoral excesses, it is quite an eligible one for Miss Sadie to take.

Eligibility, with Miss Sadie, and with Miss Sadie's mother, and with scores of young women of Miss Sadie's stamp, and scores of mothers like Miss Sadie's maternal progenitor, is not a synonym for honesty, sobriety, industry, morality, intellectuality, all that goes to make a man of worth, a man of clear head, clean hands and pure heart. It does not mean—this word eligibility—to many women, to far too many women, that a man is full of honest purpose to do right, high ambition to accomplish some good, desperate resolve to live an honorable and independent life, however cramped may be its circumstances and stern its economy; that physically and morally he has kept himself free from contact with sin; that he possesses a heart, all of intense and honest love, offers them a life that has not been shared with others, pours upon them carresses the like of

which no other woman has ever known from him, speaks to them words he has never spoken before; it does not mean that he holds that a man should be as good and honest as the woman he asks to be his wife; it does not signify that she who shares his name and fortune should be his friend, companion, helpmeet and equal, instead of a servant, a slave, a plaything, and an inferior.

Shame on the mothers who look for "eligibilities" for their daughters rather than for the honest husband—poor, perhaps, but loving, reverencing, and eager to work for the sake of the girl who is willing to bless and brighten his life by associating her own with it.

No man's good looks, graceful manners, nor large fortune can atone to a woman for a soul, for lack of honorable manhood and loyal, devoted love. It may seem well for girls to marry for home, position, or money, but there will surely come a time, in each one's life, when she would give every comfort she possesses to waste the all of her passion upon a man worthy of it, capable of understanding it, and ardent to return it. There is enough misery in poverty, God knows, but there is infinitely more joy in sharing earth's bitterest trials with one loyal heart, than enjoying all of life's luxuries from the hand of any man who is not dearer to the woman to whom he gives them than all else that the world holds. And if a young woman cannot exist, and be happy, without marriage, she had better choose an honest, loving husband and starvation, than wait for an eligibility whom she must tutor her heart to accept for the sake of his money—which covers a multitude of sins.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE USES OF A BRIGHT FACE.

I AM a sincere advocate for cheerfulness, and I have great faith in the "merry heart that doeth good like a medicine"; and my confidence in the proverb—"A blithe heart makes a blooming face," is of an "unshakable" kind. If our physicians did but know the effect their countenances have on their patients, I think they would banish their gloomy looks and change them for bright and cheerful expressions; they might sell less pills and potions, but they would certainly thus aid to restore their patients to health, and a good medical man always desires that. It is only the medical humbugs or scamps who keep a patient sick merely to get more pay.

Not long ago I had the delightful feeling of being "out of sorts" with myself and the rest of humanity, and went moaning and moping about the house until the family and neighbors grew quite worried about me. Some thought I was either plotting out a soul-harrowing serial, or taken with a fit of writing poetry, or forming the idea of going lecturing, or studying for the degree, or of being "crazed in love," or of having had an essay declined, or of being a fit subject for an insane asylum. Not one guessed that I was pining for a real camel-hair shawl! If they had, they would have been the poorest guessers in Christendom, for such was not the case. I scarcely ever strive to reach the unattainable, unless ideas come under that head.

Our own M. D. was away, so we called in the one residing in the next town. He made me shiver just to look at him. He seemed as though he looked on life as a dark valley, and his conversation was impregnated with dire forebodings of the great amount of sickness there was about, the symptoms of all diseases, the ailments of his patients, accompanied with the remark that "most sick people bring their illnesses upon themselves and deserve to suffer."

He interpreted his speeches with many a dismal moan, and you might as soon think of boiling water with unmelting ice as to find one ray of cheerfulness in his face or conversation. I was glad when he departed, and the pills he left me I consigned to the stove. I knew they were bitter if he compounded them, and I felt bitter enough without the addition of any of his pills.

The next day our own physician returned, and I was so glad to see him! He looked so pleasant, acted so cheerfully, and was so full of good spirits, without being boisterous, that it did me good only to look at him, and I felt better for his presence. He didn't depress me in my gloom, but he did enliven me with humorous accounts of his adventures. He told me how he had such implicit faith and trust in his horse guiding him aright that, in his long and lonely midnight rides, he would faintly indulge in a slight nap and trust to Jerry, and how he felt that confidence was misplaced or basely taken advantage of when upon one cold and wintry night he found himself heels-over-head in a snow-drift, and spoiling one of his pet dreams. Maybe the horse had gone to sleep too. Then he told me how he was explaining, or striving to explain, the mysteries of a house, reported to be haunted, to a friend as they were standing near it. The doctor was boasting of his courage, and laughed at the timidity of those who had been scared away from the premises by supposed ghosts. He wasn't afraid. Not one bit of it! but he was surprised to see something dark from the haunted spot and jump upon him. Down on his knees went the doctor; whether he intended to pray or had slipped over a stone, or thence (I) was slippery that July night he hadn't made up his mind. Of course he wasn't frightened at the raid of some strange cat. He so laughed at his own adventures and misadventures that the laughter was quite contagious and that effected my cure. I didn't want physic, but I did want cheerfulness.

Is it not so with many of you? Do you not think you would be better if there were more cheerfulness about you, and don't you believe that we would recover sooner from our spleen if our physicians saw how much we needed bright faces about us and lively conversation? I do, and I don't think many of our doctors ought to be so glum and let us wallow in darkness when we so crave the sunshine. So my dear, good M. D., give us less medicine and more cheerfulness!

LEW LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Washingtonian Relics.

SEEING that Congress has recently purchased a batch of relics of a gentleman named Washington, well known to all pure lovers of what they call Truth, I am led to announce that I have a collection of such which have been accumulating in the family for several generations; how, I do not know, though some people who had them sometimes missed them.

I propose to offer these to Congress, and if she has \$120,000 she can have them and no questions asked. This is cheaper than you could buy similar things in a dollar store. I will warrant every article to be just what it is

and nothing more, and if anything can be proven to be false I will acknowledge the fact with great alacrity.

The catalogue consists in part of the following things, viz., to wit, namely, etc.:

One highly antique dismounted boot jack (for courtesy) with which the general used to peel his boots off invariably every night before retiring, and when the heel happened to slip from it and take him on the other shin, and he would dance a hornpipe around on the safe leg, it is said he never used bad words for salve, nor accused his wife with any complicity in the affair.

One large mirror in which Washington used to see himself. If you don't believe it you can look into it yourself and see if he didn't. Do you suppose he could stand himself over in the corner and then go across the room and look at himself any more than you could, even ten years ago?

An ax with which he used to split kindling wood, very dull and large enough to be the father of the celebrated little hatchet, so renowned in his-story. It is said that when a stick would fly up and take him on the nose he never flung the ax against the side of the wood-shed and indulged in General Butlerisms to any extent.

One waiter; this is not the colored waiter, for you have no doubt seen that he has resigned again lately, and gone again to the bosom of his fathers.

One pair of suspenders, knit, and as sustaining as the Constitution of the United States. This is a relic which binds the past to the present, and is strong enough to do so forever.

A footstool with the print of his foot upon it, made just after he came in out of the rain. It is in large print, and he was the largest man in the country.

One tooth-brush, a little large for its age, but looking like it had seen a good deal of government service, and had been in many a stirring brush with the enemy which it cleaned out effectually.

Washington's first jeans coat, with holes where the elbows used to be, and every button carefully removed, the pockets containing three nails; one buckle; one bradawl; one old key; one piece of chalk; one Barlow knife, without blades; one bullet; six small iron rings; four pieces of blue glass; and other evidences of boyhood.

One farewell address. There have been a good many extant but this is the only true one, and the only one he ever gave.

A piece of the log on which Washington crossed the Delaware on that memorable occasion.

Washington's plate—the first plate he ever had; a tin one, with the letters of the alphabet around it. On this plate he used to eat the product of the B's, fish from the C's with the greatest E's, and Limburger G's, minding his I's, getting slapped by his father and learning his O's, scooping up the P's, flipping his Q's, taking his T without paying a V; slashing green cucumbers which are warranted to W up without knowing Y; though it is easy to Z. (Mercy, give me a little air!)

One monkey-wrench. It is supposed that with this he wrenched this country from the grasp of Great Britain, but I hardly give credence to the story; this, however, does not make it less valuable.

A piece of the chain which he used when his title was Sir Veyor Washington, and which he broke before he began to break the chains that bound us to our mother country stronger than common apron-strings.

A hand-sled with which he used to go down hill before he learned so well to go up hill in life. This is what injured him to snow and cold victuals, for with it he stayed out all day in winter, although he knew well enough that at home there was a warm welcome awaiting him. He thought the welcome, however, was a little too warm, and did not think that his back was a bit cold.

I have also the first cigar he ever smoked up. It is complete, and just as it was in the original. He leaned over the fence when he finished it and didn't seem to know that it was loaded, and it is no wonder that when anybody afterward ever offered him a cigar he got mad. He said there was no fun in it, that he was able to see; and a good-sized emetic answered the same purpose as far as he could see from where he stood.

One dismantled jews'arp, with which he used to sit out on the fence and blow music through. The old tunes still linger around it—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Daniel Tucker," "The Last Sum of Roses," "Wop goes the Peasal," and various sentimental melodies.

Here is also the cup which he used when he was a boy. I know that it is genuine, for there you can see the print of his lips.

There is also the razor with which he used to shave himself at twenty per cent. discount once a week, after a few lectures from his complaining wife. I tried once to shave with it, and it pulled so that I had serious notions of hitching it up to the farm wagon to see if it would cut it without any difficulty.

One trundle-bed, which he used to hate to be pulled out so early in the mornings, and get into so early at night. This bed is full of old recollections, but not a bug to speak of.

Here is his field-glass—it is not a tumbler, for he never drank water out of a glass because it had a bad name. With this glass he used to bring the British so close that he could easily rout them, or, if they outnumbered his forces and he was in danger, he turned the little end toward them and sent them far enough away.

I have also the first rhymes that Washington ever wrote, although they say he never drifted on the poetical tide. It is in an old spelling-book, and reads:

"If you want to know the owner, my friend,
Look on page a hundred and ten."
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The catalogue is very large and valuable, and sufficient to start a museum on a grand scale. Congressmen need apply—no references.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—In the Royal Library, at Paris, is a Chinese chart made 600 B. C., on which 1,400 stars are correctly located. There is also a map of China made 1000 B. C.

—Washington's will is kept in a glass case in the office of the clerk of Fairfax county, Va. The writing has almost all faded away and the paper is so frail that it will not bear handling.

—A Biblical curiosity in the English section at the Paris Exhibition, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the Tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament.

—Will Capt. Bogardus beat Dr. Carver shooting? Whether he does or not, the Doctor has another antagonist after him. A late Cheyenne paper, speaking of Buffalo Bill, says: "During the fall, he says, he will send a challenge to Dr. Carver, the shootist, believing he can get away with his baggage. Bill will challenge the Doctor to make trials of skill at shooting, on horseback, and going at full speed."

—Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed onto the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common white sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

—A careful collaborator of statistics of crime gives us some very suggestive information. He ascertains that the number of convicts is now as great as 1871, the relative figures being 31,000 and 16,000. The greatest increase is in Georgia, Tennessee, and several Western States. The number of persons in prisons as convicts, or awaiting trial, is 60,000, of whom less than 20 cents are women. About 10,000 of the whole number are in New York and 4,300 in Massachusetts, where the proportion of prisoners to population is greater than in any other part of the country.

—Few people would think that there are seven wrong ways of washing the face, and but one special ability for acting and expression. Having your course, then, to get a position as subordinate in some respectable theater, and gradually grow up to prominent parts. It is well enough to read history, to get a place in the drama; but your studies are to be directed in a line of personal training and dramatic art.

—Each inhabitant in the United States pays \$2.00 for the support of the public schools and \$1.30 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries of the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and \$2.20; Austria, 34 cents and \$1.31; France, 20 cents and \$4.50; Italy, 18 cents and \$1.57; England and Wales, 26 cents and \$3.87; Switzerland, 88 cents and \$1.90. A writer in the *Revue Pédagogique* (Paris), who has visited California, gives these figures and then asks the question: "If those scourges of society, antagonism and envy, are far from assuaging in California the forces that they have in the States of Europe, is it not to be attributed to a great part to the effect of her public schools?"

—Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students in the university—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, and he has given the results of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher the English; the highest of all the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge. Therefore eat oatmeal at least once a day. The great Liebig, indeed, declared that oatmeal, next to meat, was the most sustaining food.

—Why not, pray? A French screw, having been called upon to give his views regarding the eating of horseflesh says: "It is like third-rate beef; it cannot be said to have a disagreeable taste, for it has no taste at all. Donkey on the other hand is delicious, and infinitely better eating than beef or mutton. This French screw discovered during the siege of Paris, for a 'portion' of donkey cost about six times as much as a 'portion' of horse. Cats taste exactly like rabbits; it is impossible to distinguish between them. The objection to rats is that when cooked their flesh is grizzly. This objection, however, is somewhat epicurean, for except for their gristliness they are a wholesome and excellent article of food. I am surprised that there is not a society for the promotion of eating rats. Why should not prisoners be fed with these nourishing and prolific little animals?"

—The question of repeated changes in school-books is, we are glad to see, arousing public attention. In Buffalo quite an excitement prevails over the matter. The intrigues of agents and the smartness of publishers keep the school boards and superintendents in such excellent training that every year witnesses the introduction of a new series of Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Readers, Spellers, Phonography, etc., etc., greatly to the enrichment of the publishers and the detriment of the parents. The charge made for school-books is so outrageously disproportionate to their cost that this fact, and the frequent changes are good reason for the creation of a State Board who shall agree with authors for their works at lowest manufacturer's prices, and order perfect uniformity throughout the State in all text-books. Only this will do away with what is now a nuisance and outrageous imposition on school-book purchasers.

—The arrest, in Erie, Pa., of a professed "agent" for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, advised that people of that city and vicinity of the propriety of never paying money to a stranger for something yet to come. This "agent" was soliciting subscriptions for the JOURNAL at one-half the regular price—a fact in itself so suspicious that none should have been deceived; but, when the enterprising genius added to the paper "two fine chromos, framed"—to be given to each dollar and a half subscriber, the agent proved himself to be a near relative of Artemus Ward's "amocin" cuss, whose photograph ought to adorn the parlor walls of every victim. We may now repeat what we have often said—we have no agents or canvassers who are especially authorized to act for us. We take no subscription at reduced rates, nor give any "chromos" as a bonus; so that any person who assumes to act for us and promises the JOURNAL at less than published terms is a good subject to hand over to the police.

—John Brown, the trusted servant of the Queen, is said to owe his popularity to the fact that the majority of English servants, from the palace to the plain residence in England, are great sticklers for their proper duties. The butler would see the kitchen on fire and the cook and pantry flooded before interfering in saving the property of their employer, simply because it was not in their department. John Brown has to go anywhere, have anything done from a cup of tea to the packing of a trunk, from the selection of a horse to the purchasing of a book, John Brown is always on hand, ready and able and willing to bound over all the barriers of red tape and formal departments, and get and do these things, or see that they are done promptly and properly. In this readiness and untiring attendance, he has ingratiated himself with the good Queen, who fully values his honest energy and integrity, and who has thus made him her favorite gillie. He knows his place and keeps it. He earns his pay and pockets it.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Battlefield," "The Way It Ran," "A Hope Fulfilled," "Marcella's Maid," "Won by a Stroke," "Love's Last Song," "Leave Me Not Forever," "The Last Farewell," "A Killing Game," "The Ride of Roses," "Surely, She Said Yes," "Keepsakes."

Declined: "Daddy Jim's Big Spree," "Old Toes," "The Antelope Race," "Did He Die?" "A Row up the Yellowstone," "Maggie's Best Bed," "A New Genua," "Love or Lucere," "The Quire's Daughter," "Spending a Dollar," "The Gate to the Land," "Nancy Johnson's Beau," "A Loss on the Sand."

OSCAR A. F. Send the letter, care of this office, A. C. Do not care to see the MS. referred to. Write by postal.

KERRY CLOVER. Say yes to the lady if she is in earnest and you know her well.

H. L. E. See BEADLE'S DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER for the scores of the last year's games.

HARRISON. Body-snatching is a State's prison offense, if discovered. Medical students are the chief customers of the "resurrectionists."

A NEW READER. Mrs. Fleming, we believe, is not now writing for the press. The other lady you name has not written a serial for some time, but may at any time reappear in that field, in these columns.

HENRY AND M. If you two could learn the same trade it would be an excellent idea, seeing that thus you could always work together. It is nice and pleasing to see brothers in partnership, in any business or profession.

P. B. R. Steamers vary greatly in their consumption of coal. An ocean passage allowance of the New York and Liverpool lines is about \$200 per year. Your writing does not improve it is because your style is fixed, and you can only change it by much careful practice by copy or under a master.

CONSTANT READER. A philopona is regarded as "a debt of honor," because there is no power to enforce its collection. When a person pledges honor, in any transaction, he is bound, and the promise is simply dishonorable. In the case mentioned you have a right to the picture, but, if you see that the lady does not want to give it, it would but be the act of a gentleman not to urge the claim.

SOLDIER. As we have recently answered any and all questions in regard to West Point, by publishing Capt. Plummer's series of papers on Life at the Government Military Academy, we must refer you to those papers for information. The present Secretary of War is Geo. W. McCrary, of Iowa. You had better consult with your Member of Congress in regard to appointments.

S. GRAY. You cannot become an actor by studying history. To be an actor demands a genius or special ability for acting and expression. Having this genius your course, then, to get a position as subordinate in some respectable theater, and gradually grow up to prominent parts. It is well enough to read history, to get a place in the drama; but your studies are to be directed in a line of personal training and dramatic art.

GAUDRE. We have no idea how the "picture-restorer" does his work. It is said, and is very cheap and simple method, so his prices are simply preposterous. An excellent method to "restore," or bring out freshly, oil-paintings dim or discolored by age, is to brush them free from dust, and then cover with a layer of *shaving-soap* for a few minutes, after which let them be thoroughly dried and soaked in nitro-benzine. Any one who can do this is a genius.

GYROCURT. Buffalo Bill's local address is North Platte, Nebraska—where his great cattle ranch is located. He has not abandoned the stage, but is to play in all the Western States, with a certain regularly strong dramatic organization, in which young *William Fawcett* and a number of Indians are features. Mr. Gody's ambition is to present wild Western life, spots, perils and people, exactly as they are. He, himself, is a most admirable actor and manager.

CARL Y. If a gentleman with ladies attempts to crowd you off your place, he is a gentleman, to apologize. If you yield your place to the ladies it is a courtesy they should acknowledge. The marking of hands and arms, and certainly a practice that had better be avoided. Once the skin is inoculated it is there for a lifetime, no matter how much you may wish it away. Do not permit the tattooing. It is sure, sooner or later, to annoy you.—Buffalo Bill is a "Western Boy"—born and bred.

L. U. M. Any good school is open for scholars over twenty. Many girls as young as fifteen, and age. You can study music as well at home, taking practice hours daily at your teacher's if you have no piano of your own. It is very sensible for you to try and make up for lost time, and certainly greatly to your credit to wish for ways to earn the money and pay your tuition. Not a particle of discredit in receiving the best of the salary, for your efforts. Those who "turn up the nose" at you can be very readily dismissed from notice.

Mrs. ESTHER C. Try on your child, for croup, the *dum* cure, as it is called, and it is a cure with twice its bulk of powdered sugar, and administer a teaspoonful every ten minutes until relief comes. In many cases the relief is immediate. Diphtheria is not croup at all, although the fungus growth or "patches" in the throat somewhat resemble the croup membrane. Diphtheria really is a blood poison, in its fatal stages, and the aid of medical men should be called to its treatment. The "specific" referred to we believe to be a cruel humbug. There is no specific for such a disease.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER. The nicest tinctures to use for flavoring your puddings, ices, cakes and custards, are home-made ones of lemon, orange and vanilla. Never throw away lemon or orange rinds, but carefully cut off the yellow outside, and put it into a tightly-corked bottle, with alcohol enough to cover it. Let it stand until the alcohol is a bright yellow, then pour off the liquid, bottle tightly, and use according to taste. Buy vanilla beans, break them, and make the same use of them. In this manner you can have superior tinctures for much less than you pay for poor ones at the grocery.

ELLA DONSY writes: "I am going on a short traveling tour next month, and nowhere shall stop longer than to need other than my traveling dress. Will you tell me the nicest thing to use for such a costume, as I want it to be a little more dressy than an ordinary traveling dress, but not so elaborate as a half-striped one, or—better still—an American Cheney silk. Have it made stylishly, and carry the basque in your sash, and the pocket, or a linen, or flannel blouse under your ulster until you get to a hotel, when it will be an easy matter to array yourself in the silk basque and look nice and fresh. An ulster is indispensable for traveling, and fresh linen collars and cuffs."

JIM L. L. writes: "Will you please tell me when the Scriptures were first called the Bible, and by whom? Also, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, English Bible was printed; and what city is called the 'City of the Violet Crown?' The name Bible was first given to the sacred Scriptures by Jerome, the Christian, in the fourth century. Miles Coverdale published the first Bible in England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and dedicated it to the king. The first Bible issued by his Majesty's authority was Cranmer's Bible, published in 1557. The City of the Violet Crown is Athens; so called from its being situated in the center of the plain of Attica and surrounded by a ring of hills, except upon the south—which looks toward the ocean; and the sun setting these hills take the most marvelous violet tints."

M. ELLA M. asks: "Who was Puck, and who Niobe, and who Queen Mab? And how can I find out about such personages, when I come across mention of them in books or papers, or in a celebrated fairy, called also Robin-Goodfellow, Friar Rush and Puck, etc. He was the 'merry wanderer of the night,' a mischievous, a mischievous, a mischievous, the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. She was so proud of her children that she provoked Apollo and Diana who slew them all; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, remaining stupid ever after. The poets pretty fancy her to have been turned to stone.—Queen Mab is the name always used by English poets to designate the imaginary queen of the fairies.—You can post yourself concerning mythological characters by obtaining books on Grecian and more modern mythology, or by a good classical dictionary. Even the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will help you considerably."

CLARA M. writes: "Please tell me what your opinion is of people who take photographs out of a young lady friend, a gift from herself. Now she is married, and one day her husband, in calling at my house, abstracted that picture from my album, though I had had it long before he ever knew her, and carried it away. I think it was a mean thing to do." And we fully agree with you. It is just as mean stealing to take a picture from a person's album as to take a pair of gloves, or a piece of jewelry, or a pocket-book from a bureau drawer; and if it is possible for one sin to be meaner than another we think stealing the photographs of a person's friends is the meanest kind of stealing. Any man or woman who will deliberately rob a friend of a likeness that may be of incalculable value, or even of one that they know has no value, is a thief—however he may seek to palliate the sin to their own minds.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE DESERTED NEST.

BY D. CHANNING ROBBE.

Where are the robins that early in spring
Built their nest in the maple tree?
No longer at even I hear them sing
Their sweet strains of melody.

From my window I watched them, day by day,
As they toiled in the maple tree;
Now placing a straw here and there, then away
For more they went merrily.

When the nest was done they were proud, I know,
For louder they piped their notes,
As from branch to bough they hopped to and fro,
Pouring music from their red throats.

Soon a little blue egg in the nest was laid;
Then caroled the robins the more,
And so they kept happily on, till they made
The eggs in the nest to count four.

By turns they would sit on the nest, and gaze
Down at my window for hours.
Sitting or singing throughout the bright days
That were sweet with blossoming flowers.

A few weeks passed, and then there arose
A chirrup within the nest;
And soon o'er the edge a moving thing shows
The form of a little red-breast!

The old birds hunted along the roadside,
And flew back with a cherry or worm;
Then four little mouths were opened wide
To await their appointed turn.

So the days went on, and the little things
Feathered out, and the nest was filled;
They crowded and chirruped, and fluttered their
Wings.

While the old robins warbled and trilled,
Then the young birds flew from the parent nest,
And lonely the old ones grew;
They lingered awhile, then started in quest
Of the truant; it was their adieu!

Now the nest is silent, deserted and lone;
No more in the maple tree;
I hear the carolling, sweet silver tone
Of the robins' clear melody.

Thus ever it is, we thoughtlessly go
From the sheltering parent nest,
Out into the world, with the same distress and woe,
From the hearts that love us the best.

There cometh a day we shall cease to roam;
There will be death of sorrow and tears
When we gather to dwell in that other home
Through the Master's eternal years!

Typical Women.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,
The Queen of Tragedy.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Who shall succeed Siddons?
The world asked that question when the great
tragedienne passed forever from the stage, little
dreaming that a poor, broken-down opera-
singer—and a typical Yankee girl at that—was
to be that successor.

But as poets are born not made, so of actors.
That Yankee girl, coming of real old Puritan
stock, was born to act; and though all her
early training was utterly at variance with the
demands of the stage, a knowledge of the drama,
and a taste for scenic art, yet the genius for dramatic
expression was in her, and the actress came
forth, even against the wishes of friends,
but also to her own surprise, for she was driven
to the stage—an accident gave the world its
latest queen of tragedy, as we shall see.

Charlotte Saunders Cushman, born in Boston
July 23d, 1816, came of "Roundhead" blood—
being the eighth generation descendant of that
Robert Cushman who with William Brewster,
organized the first Puritan colony of New Eng-
land. From such stock she could hardly be
otherwise than of orthodox Puritan views,
which embraced, besides the articles of cove-
nant, a special aversion for the stage, and a firm
belief that an actor was bound as straight for
purgatory as a Catholic priest for Paradise.

Charlotte was the eldest of four children. Her
father was a well-to-do merchant, who
"brought up" his family judiciously and honor-
ably, according to the best New England stan-
dard; but the great misfortune of his death
plunged the widow into the dire distress of
poverty, and it thus became necessary for Char-
lotte, though then but sixteen years of age, to
turn what strength and talent she had to aid in
supporting the others.

Her most apparent resource lay in her voice,
which was a rare and peculiar thing, and of
rare range. But circumscribed by Boston
prejudices against the step, she could only look
to the choir, or at most to the concert in or-
atorio. She acted promptly. After a few weeks'
training she took her place in a Boston church
and almost at once attracted notice. A wealthy
gentleman, pleading for the privilege of educating
her musically, and with his well-timed assis-
tance Charlotte pursued a thorough course of in-
struction—meanwhile singing frequently in con-
cert, greatly to the pleasure of all music-lovers.

Then there came the Boston Fair, and the
famous soprano singer, Mrs. Joseph Wood, who,
hearing Miss Cushman in oratorio, unhesitat-
ingly pronounced her voice to be "the finest
contralto in America;" and at her earnest per-
suasion the Puritan girl was induced to enter
upon study for the opera. Friends protested,
for, was not opera acting? and was not that
one of the seven abominations?

But such opposition had no terrors for her,
now that her ambition was fully awakened, and
her capabilities made evident. In childhood she
had shown a strong wish that girlhood had not
tamed. She said of herself:

"I was an awful child, full of irresistible life
and impulsive will; living fully in the present,
looking neither before nor after, as ready to ex-
ecute as to conceive; full of imagination." In
her young womanhood she was not less self-
assertive. Indeed, that trait strengthened with
her years. To resolve upon a course was to do
it. Having made up her mind to succeed on the
operatic stage, her humble profession of
music-teacher and choir singer was abandoned,
and she gave up the study of the French and
stage with such aid as the musical culture of
Boston then afforded.

Her first appearance in opera was her debut
at the Tremont theater, Boston, in April, 1835—
she then being nineteen years of age. Her suc-
cess was quite astonishing. Her voice was su-
perb, and her acting in "Figaro" so full of en-
ergy and the exquisite spirit of true art, that
she made not merely a hit but a profound impres-
sion. Her friends then realized how proper had
been her choice of profession.

This season's success was followed by an en-
gagement for the "operatic season" in New Or-
leans—then the only city in the country boast-
ing an opera-house, and having its regular "sea-
sons." Her appearance there in the fall of
1835 was equally a success at first, but, to her
dismay, her voice began to fail; under the over-
taxing influence of the stage she came again and
again to the verge of utter failure, and her
voice was indeed broken, perhaps irrevocably so.

Her grief over this catastrophe we can well
surmise was intense. At the very opening of a
career which gave promise of fame and fortune
to see the prize wrested from her, and to know
that thenceforth her walk in life must be the
humble one of music-teacher was indeed torture
to a soul so brave and ambitious.

Her misery, again a "professional" came
to her aid. Wm. E. Burton, the comedian, was
then playing in New Orleans. He had seen
Charlotte repeatedly, in her operatic career,
and had formed an opinion regarding her dra-
matic capabilities which he now came forward
to urge.

"You are, Miss Cushman, a born actress;
your place is not on the operatic boards but in
the theater; if you will once make the effort to

use your powers you will prove what I
say, and instead of your loss of singing voice
being a calamity it will have been a blessing in
disguise."

She was away from Boston and the friends
whose horror of the theatrical stage would have
led them to wish her in her grave rather than
inflict on them the *disgrace* of an actress's
career. She was in a strange city, poor, afflicted
and hopeless. Burton's genial face and confi-
dent words of encouragement came to her like
the friendly hand to the drowning wretch. She
grasped at the hand and, behold!—a new world
to her—a new star in the firmament for the
people—almost at a step Charlotte Cushman
was famous.

Under Burton's advice and direction she
struck for the loftiest character for her debut—
that of *Lady Macbeth*. She had not the benefit
of teacher or trainer. She was too poor even to
dress properly apart from her acting. On the
floor of the garret of her boarding-house she
sat, hour by hour, poring over her task—of
"committing" her part and efforts for its in-
terpretation. She had seen it played often
enough, by the old-fashioned, romantic school
of actors, but only to her disgust. Studying the
part, in her garret, she soon began to see
Shakespeare's magnificent creation in the light
of her own genius; little by little *Lady Macbeth*
grew into her very soul—a living creature; she
was, to the enthusiastic girl, so real that Char-
lotte was ceaselessly thinking of her, awake
and dreaming of her asleep. Never having
seen Siddons, the New England girl was turned
in upon herself, wholly, to interpret the char-
acter and embody its action.

That ignorance of models and absence of
teachers, added to her own remarkable force of
character, gave us Charlotte Cushman's *Lady
Macbeth*—something so new, so grand, so sus-
tained, that when it was presented, in London,
to Siddons's own audience, the verdict was
final:—it was the finest impersonation of the
character ever accomplished.

Her first appearance at Candwell's theater,
New Orleans, in the spring of 1836, was a great
event. Intense interest had already been ex-
cited by the rumor that the songstress was to
abandon the operatic boards for the stage, and
the night of her debut witnessed the abandon-
ment of the operatic boards for the theater by
the best people of the city. The place was
"jammed," and never was audience more as-
tonished. "They were soon appalled," we are
told, "by the powers which Charlotte Cushman
exhibited." It was like a revelation to them.

Never had they such a feeling of awe, and the
people understand the character that Shaks-
peare drew; she was neither stilted, nor mock-
heroic, nor monotonous, but so fiercely, so
vividly natural that the spectators were afraid
of her as they would have been of a pantheress
let loose."

That success of course determined her career.
No thought now of her lost notes. Her voca-
lization, however, had been a fine training for her
enunciation, and her voice owed much of its
wondrous expression to her musical practice and
culture. What wonder, then, that she should
have heard it in *Lady Macbeth*, *Meg Mer-
rills*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*? Sweet and low, as a
summer song, or loud and deep as the roar of the
tempest, it swept the whole range of expression
from gentleness and pathos to terror and tra-
gedy.

She was now the Star of American boards.
After a splendid season in New Orleans she
came North and played in New York, first in
the Old Bowery, and then a long season at the
Park, supporting Forrest in all his great parts,
viz. *Goneril*, *Leonor*, *Sevina*, to *Virginia*; the
Priestess to his *Brutus* (Payne); the *Queen*
in his *Hamlet*, etc., etc., and in the winter of
1837-8 carrying this support to his *Othello*,
Gladiator, *Damon*, *Melamora*, *William Tell*,
Richard III. and *Coriolanus*.

To trace her career from this point onward is
to record one unending series of stage triumphs.
When Macready came to America she was called
upon to sustain him, and so well did she do
this that that great actor found himself not the
lone star of the evening. He was very much of
all of us. He was a great actor, and a great
Yankee girl's equal share in the public ap-
plause. By his advice and confident prediction
of victory, she ventured to cross the water and
strike for the place that, since Siddons's death,
no woman had presumed to fill. This was in the
fall of 1838. The support of more than one
Alone she entered the old city of London, with
the then very strong prejudice against every-
thing American to overcome and a special con-
tempt for Yankee playrights to conquer.

She was poor enough to be compelled to take
humble lodgings. The support of more than one
sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings,
splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands
upon her income. But Macready's decided in-
dorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her
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world; and then, weary with her labors, and
satisfied with what she had accomplished, she
went to be won, and rich in purse, she turned
her face toward Rome, having in view a per-
manent residence there, amid associations and
surroundings that, to one of her fine tastes,
would be immeasurably satisfying.

She was a rare and beautiful woman, and
powers. In her personal appearance there was
a winning charm far above mere beauty of
feature. She had a stately presence, a move-
ment always graceful and impressive, a warm,
healthy complexion, wavy, chestnut hair, and
magnificent eyes. She was a woman of great
force, and always the commanding figure in the scene.
Her great intellectual force was blended with
singular sweetness and sympathy, producing an
attraction which none but the coldest natures
could resist."

MAUD OF SHENANDOAH.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

I know thou art a dark-eyed forest queen;
On thy brow shines a crown of scarlet leaves;
The wind wafts away to me, unseen,
Bright gleams from among sweet memory's
sheaves.

Shenandoah's stream, along the lowlands, gently flow-
ing,
Reflects thy form at even's holy time;
The wild rose amid the valleys growing,
Greet thee as the vesper wakes the chime.

Thy song, like the harp-chord's gentle quiver,
Halls the morning as she sits upon the hill;
As the mist slowly rises in the air,
And revealing near the olden ruined mill,
Offers incense to the coming of the sun.

While the dew sparkles bright upon the thorn,
And the birds sing in the air,
To thy haunts amid the fields of golden corn.

An ideal thou must be of the poet's mystic dream,
When he saw upon the summit high of fame,
A being clad in beauteous rainbow shen,
Who wrote upon the column the letters of his
name.

I wish no shining characters upon fame's mighty
scroll,
No encomium upon the walls of art—
If but my name may be an echo in thy soul,
And engraven on the tablets of thy heart!

Whom Will She Marry?

BETH FOSS,
The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PUSSY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."

A soft tap upon the door, to which a low,
stifled voice called:

"Come in."
Miss Jack Prentiss, at that, walked into the
small, plain apartment, carrying with him a
smiling face, a great cluster of rosebuds and
violets, and the clinging freshness of the balmy,
sunny spring day.

"Oh, is it you?" cried the lonely occupant of
the room, a petite, plump creature lying upon the
bed, stretching out her hand, and bursting into
a storm of sobs that shook her slight frame con-
vulsively.

"Nita! Nita! What does this mean? Are
you not glad I am come? What has happened?"
The gentle, smiling face of the girl's side
and to one little hand into his own. But Nita
drew it quickly away and hid her face.

"Nita, you were weeping before I came in.
What was the matter? Will you try to tell me?"
"Everything!" sobbed the girl, despairingly.
"Who told you she was coming?"

"I cannot dance any more. I was dismissed,
finally, a week ago, and I suppose they were
very good to bear with me so long. I have tried
for something else to do, but could get nothing;
and yesterday and to-day the pain in my side
has been so bad that I have been too weak, to
get out of the house."

"Do not worry about work, Nita, until you
are quite well again."
"I shall never be well, again, Mr. Prentiss"—
growing suddenly, desperately calm, but speak-
ing with a little hoarse shiver, as if she were
about to die. I feel it, just as surely as if I was
ready dead—and oh! it is so dreadful to think of!

"Not the dying, you know. I have no one to live
for, no one to care when I am gone; but to think
of the waiting for death! Waiting, waiting,
and then to die! I am so tired, I can never get
well, and I am going to a hospital, to-morrow."

"Going to a hospital! Never, Nita!"
"I must! Mrs. Withers will turn me out of the
house, if I do not get out of it, and I have no
where to go—no one to go to!"

"Oh, the pious, old, good woman! Mrs. Withers
is no such thing. The support of more than one
sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings,
splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands
upon her income. But Macready's decided in-
dorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her
first appearance at the Princess theater she
succeeded with a triumph that left no more
doubt as to her position. Her voice was now
"Fazio," but her *Lady Macbeth*, which soon
followed, to Forrest's *Macbeth*, made her "the
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went to be won, and rich in purse, she turned
her face toward Rome, having in view a per-
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surroundings that, to one of her fine tastes,
would be immeasurably satisfying."

She was a rare and beautiful woman, and
powers. In her personal appearance there was
a winning charm far above mere beauty of
feature. She had a stately presence, a move-
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healthy complexion, wavy, chestnut hair, and
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worked, and hoped, he had seen his dreams van-
ish, his desires become vain. Since the days of
her belated school days, when he had formal to
him, and was receiving such attentions from
one man, as could only have one meaning, and
that—her marriage to another!

And the ballet-dancer—the young girl who
had known nothing of ease, luxury, happiness,
friends, love, or what Jack Prentiss knew,
better than Nita herself, that she loved him;
while he had pitied her, been interested in her—
that was all. Suppose, however, he took upon him-
self the burden of her life; suppose he asked her
to become his wife, and so let him care for her,
and befriend her, as he might not now; would she
discover that his heart was a tomb, sacred and
sealed; that he had infinite tenderness to be-
stow, but none of the torrid, strengthful love of
his nature? No; she would never guess his se-
cret and his sacrifice; but—was he strong en-
ough, unselfish enough, to put aside his vain pas-
sion and take this poor friendless Nita into his
life? If she lived, had he the courage to own to
the world that he had married a dancing-girl,
and cherish her tenderly, for years, while an-
other woman's face was always in his heart?

His musings were interrupted by a knock at
the door; and, as he went to open it, he was
watching his grave, meditative face, began to
tremble as he answered the summons. As she
had expected, a tall, gaunt, severe woman
stood upon the threshold. Mrs. Withers gazed
beyond Prentiss, as if he was beneath her no-
tice, to the girl lying upon the bed, idly clasp-
ing her knot of flowers, and said, with suppres-
sed excitement and ironical calm:

"Miss Raymond, you will oblige me by leav-
ing her within an hour. You need not trouble
yourself with paying her rent. I cannot
longer receive her. She is the daughter of a
sinner. I only desire to rid my house of you and
to clear my skirts from further contact with
wickedness and infamy! And you—turning,
now, to Jack—may go this instant! I will not
have my humble but gaily roof disgraced a mo-
ment longer by your presence!"

"Jack! Oh, Jack!"
The ballet-girl's wild, imploring cry rung out
before Mr. Prentiss could indignantly and con-
temptuously answer the landlady's tirade. And
it was followed by a gasping, gurgling, choking
cry, the cause of which he could not tell, neither
her. A stream of crimson was flowing over her
lips, and dyeing the rosebuds with redder stains
than they had ever known.

"Little girl, poor little girl!" he muttered,
springing to her side and raising her in his
arms. "She is dead! Be sure that this young
lady shall not remain under my roof any
one moment longer than is necessary, so send
for a doctor this instant! Do not waste a minute-
it is my duty!"

"A doctor! Oh, Jack!"
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"Bethel, does Max Duncan love you?"

Miss Foss's oval cheeks flushed to the deepest pink of blush.

"Love me!" she cried, with strangely-troubled, flashing eyes. "He has never loved me, and now I think he almost hates me!"

"Why? Do not answer me like a girl—that you do not know; tell me the truth."

"I suppose he thinks, as almost every one does, that I ran away from Greenville to elope with Rial Andral; that I love him yet—and so he despises me! Oh, if he could only know the truth, and believe in me!"

"And you did not?"

"No, I was engaged to Mr. Andral—I regretted it—oh! how I regretted it—and I knew he was going to Europe. I wanted to break the engagement before he went," explained Beth, with bitter earnestness.

"And the engagement is broken now?" queried Beata.

"Not yet!" with almost despairing emphasis.

"Not yet!—and you do not love this man?"

"No! No! I shall free myself as soon as I can."

"As soon as you can," repeated Miss Hallgarten.

"Has Madame De Witt had anything to do with this?"

Bethel confessed to the interview she had held with her mother upon New Year night concerning her engagement—and, noticing the lateness of the hour, concluded, as she arose:

"I suppose she knew best—though these months have been almost unbearable. How I wish I had told you before—it is such a relief to have some one to whom I can tell the misery and the truth!"

The calm, majestic Miss Hallgarten did a strange thing. She caught Bethel in her arms, pressed a kiss upon her brow, and said, solemnly:

"Child, you can commit no greater crime than to marry a man you do not love. Let no one—nothing—induce you to do it! Think of that until you see me again—and come soon."

And when Bethel was gone, she said, thoughtfully:

"I must send for Max," and sat at her desk and wrote:

"Max Duncan, I wish to see you. Come soon."

"BEATA HALLGARTEN."

And, the note being sealed and stamped, the small maid was sent to post it; but before it reached Max Duncan, the next morning, several events had occurred, strangely affecting the interests of the writer and those two upon whom her strong, hidden passions centered.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

A GONE CASE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Soft-hearted was he and did sigh
A good deal like a sycamore,
Because his love for Jane By
Forbade him being blithe,
And then a little fine old rye
Full often made him writhe.

He thought her features just to see
The dearest of his earthly scene,
And longed with that girl to agree;
She thought he was a green;
Away from him she longed to be,
And didn't care a bean.

He saw his hope could never grow
And uttered many a groan,
Although his heart was just like tow
Ignited by her tone,
And if she wouldn't love him, lo!
He'd feel himself alone.

She said of hope he'd not a ray,
And so his eyes did rain;
He knew his efforts did not pay
In any coin but pain,
And lonely by himself did stray
And sing his mournful strain.

He felt that joys were very few;
Grief fed his heart with fuel;
And terribly that man did rue
That maiden's hopeless rue,
And by himself did cry and mew
Just like a sorrowful mouse.

His disposition for to die
Kept him in agony dire;
He sung, "My hopes in agony lie,"
Accompanied by his lyre,
And then got on a awful high
When he received his hire.

If she to him had ne'er said "no!"
Oh, what a blessed boon!
He'd then be glad enough for two,
And sing a happy tune;
He thought that he had gone to sue,
Entirely too soon.

He saw his chance was gone, and so
He felt exceeding sore;
He thought at first that he would go
And institute some gore,
With knife to let his life-blood flow
Upon the crimson floor.

The saddest part of this sad tale
Remained to be said,
And oh, to tell it causes me
Some bitter tears to shed;
He got a blow on the head—
The dust of one he blew.

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."

(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

HOPE died in the breast of poor Mary, as, bound fast to the horse of the dead Comanche chief, surrounded by Apache braves in their hideous war-paint, she was borne away from the scene of the light and her friends with the speed of the wind.

She noticed that a part of the Indians had been left behind, and had no doubt it was for the purpose of killing or capturing her friends, whom she had recognized from the battlefield.

Although she had great respect for their bravery, and considered Big Foot Wallace almost invincible as an Indian-fighter, she hardly dared to cherish the hope that they would be able to cope successfully with so formidable a force as had been left behind.

She knew that Kit was not among the Rangers, and this troubled her more than her captivity, for she had passed through so much of late that she thought she would be willing to die, if she could only see him once more; but they were now taking her further and further away from the settlements, and Mary realized that every bound of her mustang made her rescue more doubtful and a life of misery and degradation more certain.

Was her beauty a blessing or a curse to her? This thought passed through her mind often, knowing that, had she been old and ill-favored, her scalp would have hung at an Indian's belt; but as it was, every savage chief she had come in contact with, cast looks of admiration at her, and one had lost his honor and his life by being captivated by her beauty.

This he had told her himself, and now she was to listen again to the tale from lips to which soft words were strangers.

War Eagle, the Apache chief, who had been riding near and observing her, suddenly urged his horse alongside of hers, and taking the lariats which were attached to her animal, caught both horses to spring away ahead of the party.

Mary cast her eyes at the chief in a side glance, and observed that he was finely moulded, with far less of the hideous in his face than any Indian she had ever seen.

He was tall and slender, and a graceful horse-

man; his features were very regular for an Indian, and she also noticed that his war-dress was beautiful, adorned with fancy bead-work, while a red silk sash was worn about his waist in the style of the Rio Grande Mexicans.

Both mustangs went away over the prairie far ahead of the war-party; then the Apache chief leaped over from his saddle and cut the mustangs with both the hands of the captive, who gave him a look of thanks, for she was suffering greatly from the cruel manner she had been secured, as her wrists were sore from the same torture she had endured at the hands of the Comanches.

The thankful looks of Mary perhaps encouraged the chief, for he had not opened his lips; but now the words sprang from his mouth like arrows shot from his bow.

"Look!" exclaimed the chief, proudly pointing to his breast. "War Eagle has a heart, and his lodge-pole bends low with scalps. Look!" said he, with the bearing and tone of a king, as he waved his hand and directed her view over the prairie, which stretched away to the horizon.

"War Eagle rides where he wants—no man dare say stop! When War Eagle speak buffalo come fast into hunting-grounds of his people—they are never hungry—the Pecos is never dry—the bear, the antelope and deer all stop when War Eagle draws low—the birds leave their lodge-pole, and always, upon the lodge—but it is empty when he is on war-party—all is still in his buffalo-skin house—it shall be no more—the white flower of the pale-faces shall be his squaw—her eyes shall weep when he leaves his lodge for a day." War Eagle heard his words, and the Prairie Flower shall have rest there—her voice will be sweet to his ears. Let Prairie Flower speak: will she be squaw of War Eagle, or will she sing her death-song in the torture fire when the warriors call for her blood?"

"The daughter of a pale-face," answered Mary, "thanks the red-man for his kindness; but the Great Spirit," and she raised her white delicate arms heavenward, "has told her she must not marry those who have slain the blood of her family. Prairie Flower, as you call me, can wither and die; you can cast her into the torture fire; but never again will your bow shoot straight; your war-cries shall be weak as an infant's wail, and your people will drop and die, like the old leaves upon the tree. Death and dishonor follow the trail of Prairie Flower. When the sun came up on this morning she was the captive of Bear Claw the Comanche chief; this is his mustang!" A guttural "Ugh!" came from the Apache chief's lips at the mention of Bear Claw, followed by a scowl of intense hatred; but he waved Mary to go on.

"She was a captive to the Comanche chief, now she is in the power of War Eagle, and Bear Claw has gone to the happy hunting-grounds; his tribe; his death-yell shook the leaves on the banks of the Guadalupe."

As Mary spoke the last words in an exultant voice, War Eagle jerked the lariats bringing both mustangs upon their hanches, and springing to the ground he carefully examined the saddle and bridle of the horse upon which Mary was borne.

His features, sorely disfigured by a hideous scowl, now assumed a griffin expression.

"Who kill Bear Claw?" asked War Eagle, exultantly.

Mary, who was in such a state of desperation at being recaptured, regardless of consequences, for she was ignorant of the fact that the Comanches and Apaches were at war with each other—leaned toward the chief, and with a voice, in which were blended the bravado and fearlessness so much admired and respected by all Indian tribes, she answered:

"Prairie Flower! with the strength given her by the Great Spirit!"

The Apache chief gazed at the young girl in silent wonder and admiration. Proud and warlike as he was he seemed to recognize her as a superior.

War Eagle then sprung upon his mustang again, and turning the animal to face his approaching war-party, he gave a long, piercing yell that brought his braves around him in a moment's time.

Running his eyes around among those who had followed him in many a wild fight, he waved his hand over toward his fair captive, drawing their attention to her.

"Warriors of the Apaches—listen to the words of your chief—keep them in your ears. Look!—the white squaw is a great warrior—she is brave as the big bear of the mountains—cunning as the panther of the Pecos—she has killed the great war-chief of the Comanches—her knife is red with the blood of the enemy our tribe. Bear Claw has gone to the land beyond the moon—she has killed the enemy of War Eagle—she shall be queen of our tribe—she shall keep warm and welcome the lodge of our chief. War Eagle has spoken—he who harms Prairie Flower dies the death of a dog."

The Indians gazed upon Mary with looks of amazement not unmixed with awe, for they knew their chief had positive proof of what he had asserted.

Mary was now the center of attraction, as she rode by the side of War Eagle, as much surprised as the Indians at the turn affairs had taken in her favor.

She felt that by this change in her feelings toward her she would be treated well, and, also, that she would have more chances to escape.

Two days before she would have been frightened terribly at the sight of an Indian; now she rode among a large war-party of the most murderous and revengeful tribes upon the American continent almost unconcerned.

The horrible massacre of her family was continually before her eyes, but her great grief and deep hatred of her captors were kept within bounds, and her brain was ever active, noting the course taken by them and the movements of the Indians.

Had it not been for the knowledge that Kit loved her, and that her poor father roamed the plains a raving maniac, she would not have cared to live, and would have welcomed death, in any form, as a mercy. Mary felt that, if she would, as he had so far, preserve her from harm, and that he would through his infinite mercy find some way of releasing her from her enemies, and restore her to her lover.

Her thoughts and her feelings would be of her father and Kit; she must live—she must escape!

Her faith was strong, and she had great need of it in the situation in which she was placed. She felt that, in a day, she had changed from a timid girl to a resolute woman, who would at low nothing, however discouraging, to break her spirit.

The Apaches, who had been traveling at great speed, now turned their course from west to north, and struck in among the hills near the source of the Guadalupe, which, at this point, was only a small stream.

Here, by the banks of this creek, Mary was left with a small guard, while the main body of the braves, with War Eagle at their head, taking with them their dead, bound upon mustangs, proceeded through the thick woods up the side of a range of hills, until they came to a dense almost impenetrable thicket; but they were well acquainted with the ground, as on the west side of the thicket they followed each other in a narrow trail, which ran directly to a precipitous wall of rock, the base of which was shaded by overhanging trees and vines, to such an extent that it was dark and somber as a tomb.

And such it proved to be, for War Eagle, alighted from his mustang at the entrance of an extensive cave, and motioned those who had the dead warriors in charge to ride forward.

Horse after horse, with its fearfully chastely load, was led into the cave, and a large fire was soon burning inside to light up the rocky chamber of death.

The animals were led along by the wall of the cave. Their masters who had ridden them in the wild charge, with fierce, revengeful war-cries, were now cold in death, bound to the saddles—their lips mute, their war-paint a horrible mockery.

The flames leaped and crackled in forked points, flaring here and there, in the damp, blistered air; the crystal stalactites hanging from the vaulted roof in solid but graceful pendants, three back ten thousand glittering rays, and turned the gloomy chamber into a diamond-studded cathedral.

Nature's church, with Nature's children for worshippers—vengeance their creed, their heaven reached only through rivers of blood of their own shedding, their position, station and reward in this world and the next, depending upon the number of scalps which hung from belt or lodge-pole.

All about the side of the cavern in single file, near the dripping wall, were ranged the mustangs and their dead riders, the sightless eyeballs of the latter sending out a stony, vacant glare, which, as the firelight played upon them, set in the horrible framework of war-paint and flaunting feathers, presented a dreadful picture.

About the fire, surrounding it and their chief, were the living braves, gazing at their dead brothers with a calmness and unconcern devoid of all grief.

Being killed in battle was the highest and most honorable death they could die; then why should they mourn?

Suddenly War Eagle stalked from the fire to ward the dead braves, and, standing the firm and rock between them and the fire, he threw up his arms as if calling the attention of the dead to himself, and addressed them:

"Brothers! Apaches braves! Warriors of the Great Spirit! I am no more your chief—my life and my mustang are yours—you must not weaken and faint—you will see no game upon the long, dark trail. We will feed your squaws—we will wipe the tears from their eyes. Brothers! War Eagle says farewell, but he will miss you before many moons, he feels it in his heart."

As War Eagle ceased speaking, a score of dark forms sprang past him in the firelight, and stationed themselves within ten feet of the mustangs and dead braves. A score of arrows were whistled to each warrior, and each warrior, with his left foot forward and body leaning back, braced by his right, drew the deadly bow until the feathered shafts touched their shoulders.

The strings twanged, the arrows cut the air, and with dull thuds were buried deep in the vitals of the devoted mustangs, who had been selected to carry their dead masters on the trail of death.

Long, horrible screams of agony sprang from the poor suffering steeds, as they reared, plunged and fell, the hot blood spurting in every direction; while the braves chanted together a mournful death-song, in good keeping with the dreadful scene of blood before them.

Horses and dead warriors were bathed in the sanguine flood, which had spattered the brilliant crystal walls in every direction. The shrieks, plungings, moans and gasps of dying steeds, mingled with the low guttural chant of the Apaches, lasted some ten minutes; then all silent death in that jeweled-walled cathedral, carpeted with blood.

The flickering flames were quenched by the fast-flowing gore, and darkness shut out the horrible scene forever.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WARNING.

AFTER the return of War Eagle and his band from the cave of death, the mustangs were all herded under a strong guard where the animals could graze until darkness set in, and a number of braves were sent out to shoot the game necessary for the evening and morning meals.

War Eagle had no fears of an attack, not thinking that there were any whites in the vicinity except the small party who had been left under the espionage of his braves down the Guadalupe, and he was confident they would be easily overpowered, and either killed or taken captive, before morning, by the portion of his war-party who were sent to guard the camp.

War Eagle was well aware that his encampment was within twenty miles of Camp Verde, but had no fears from that quarter, for he knew there were but a few infantry soldiers at that post.

A small bower, made from green branches entwined together, had been erected by order of the chief for Mary; and she sat inside without being bound, although she noticed that some of the Indians were constantly near her shelter, and that they watched her every motion.

This she attributed to their curiosity more than to any suspicion on their part that she would attempt an escape.

The notoriety she had gained by the killing of Bear Claw caused the Indians to show her double the attention they would to an ordinary captive.

A quantity of moss had been collected, and with a blanket spread over this, Mary formed an easy couch, and was glad to relieve her tired and weary limbs by resting on it.

Years seemed to have passed since the fearful massacre of her family, and she tried to school her mind to think only of the living.

That Kit would follow the Apaches as long as she could hope, she was confident; and she had no idea that her father would stray away from his ruined ranch.

She had heard his faithful yells when charging into the Comanche camp, and she reasoned that if he had been possessed of his senses, he would have been the first to rally and rescue her.

While her thoughts ran on in this strain, the sun slowly sunk in the west, and the savory smell of cooking meats came to her from the camp-fires outside.

She felt hungry, and was glad it was so, for she needed strength, and was sure in a while to get a good night's sleep would recuperate her sufficiently to make a bold push for liberty. No! that would not do. She must be cautious, and steal away in the night time, and secrete herself in some place where she could not find her.

In thinking over this last plan of escape she knew she would need arms to protect herself, and determined to get them in some manner.

She also thought of a horse, and the mustang more at ease, and friendly in her company, and she determined to try kindness and pet him, and when once upon his back and free of the camp, they could not overtake her, as the horse was noted for great speed and bottom.

She resolved to be ready and take advantage of any circumstance in her favor, and watch well lest she should miss a chance.

A shadow darkened the entrance of the bower, and the Apache chief stood before her.

"Prairie Flower is weak," said War Eagle; "she must sleep—she will be strong when sun comes—then we go on Pecos trail—she have much trouble—much hard ride—have long rest much, where flowers plenty—birds will sing sweetly to Prairie Flower."

The chief called to a warrior who approached with venison and parched corn, which he placed before Mary upon a large green lily-leaf, torn from its home in the bed of the stream.

"Eat, Prairie Flower," said War Eagle for his kindness.

"War Eagle wants no thanks—when Prairie Flower is strong—when blood-point is on her cheek he will be happy—Prairie Flower has slain the Comanche snake—War Eagle is glad—she shall be strong—Prairie Flower is glad—Bear Claw—War Eagle's horse was strong—his knife was sharp—his mustangs like the wind—but he no kill Comanche dog. The squaws of our nation shall not walk the same trails as Bear Claw—Prairie Flower—she shall be Queen of the Pecos."

And War Eagle waved an adieu with the grace and air of a prince.

Mary took advantage of his leaving to partake of a hearty meal, after which she prepared a bed for the night's repose, with blankets left her for that purpose. She then took a look out

side of the shelter. It was a wild, savage scene; a dozen bright fires were scattered here and there amid the bottom-land, and about these fires were Apache warriors, cooking and feasting, for they had found deer and antelope in plenty not far from the camp.

It was now quite dark, and the fire threw out, each, its circle of light, showing off the flitting figures of the dusky war-painted men-brutes, and making Mary think of the fiends who inhabit Hades, as they had often been pictured to her imagination. There was a constant hum, a dreamy, murmuring sound hovering over the camp, made by the Indians as they conversed in low, guttural tones in their own peculiar language, but no loud voice which could have been heard at any great distance.

As Mary stood observing her surroundings, with dark forebodings for her future depressing her mind, there came a rush, a thundering of practical ears, and the mustangs were driven in, and secured within the line of guards.

The camp was situated some distance in the timber, below the level of the prairies, which lay south.

Mary retired to her couch, wrapped the blankets about her, and having been without sleep for so long a time, was soon in a deathlike slumber.

Many times War Eagle bent over her sleeping form, and afterward withdrew with grunts of satisfaction, as he thought his fair captive was enjoying the rest she so much needed.

The Apaches, one after another, rolled themselves in their blankets, and in an hour after the horses were driven in, and the guard posted, the camp was silent, and the red-men were sleeping as do innocent babes.

The fires smoldered low, and darkness hovered over all, so it was impossible to distinguish the position of the sentinels.

At midnight the guard was relieved, and a heavy dull moon partially lit up the camp.

The warriors just returned from their long watch, threw upon the main or chief fire a few armfuls of wood previous to their retiring, and ignited the same by blowing at the coals; they then, with their pipes, and seated themselves about the blazing wood, for they were chilled by the heavy dew, which in that section of the country almost equals a shower of rain.

They had been seated but a few moments when all were brought to their feet by the thundering of a horse, at full gallop, coming over the plain above.

The deathlike stillness of the bottom made each bound of the animal distinctly heard, and great was the surprise of the Apaches, for the practical ears detected by the laborer's hope, that the steed was ridden and controlled by man.

Before an alarm could be given by the sentinels who were dumb with surprise at a single horseman coming upon them, and he a white man—for they knew no Indian would come in that way—the whole war-party sprang from their blankets, and awaited in great suspense to see what manner of man was about to favor them with a visit.

They had not long to wait, for down the bank from the prairie above, through the guard, into the midst of the camp—none opposing him—came the Red Trailer, bearing in his arms the Apache chief, more dead than alive—the madman having tortured the Indian by repeated stabs in the body, now reeking in blood!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

Little Jane.

A Tale of the Old Columbia Trail.

BY FRANK DAVES.

THERE are some names on the pages of memory which are never uttered, save with a feeling of reverence; and this is generally due to some sweet memory of the past, some good deed, or kind word spoken in the dark hours of trouble to both and struggled on.

Jane Turner is not a romantic name, and its possessor was not blessed with a queenly form or with fair face, but her name is connected with a heroic act, performed during a time of trial and danger; when death was staring down, cold and hungry, from every peak of the Cascade Mountains; when the stoutest hearts gave way, and the poor, worn-out bodies rolled over in the snow to die alone.

It was in the fall of 1870. I was a well-grown boy then, just taking my first lessons in Western adventure. With a friend I had drifted to Fort Boise, in the south-western part of Idaho. The third day after our arrival at that post, a train of five wagons from Boise City came in, on their way to the rich valleys of Western Oregon.

Being invited to join them, and cast our fate upon the shores of the great Pacific, we determined to go.

A very short time sufficed for our preparations; in fact, we had but few to make, and the next morning we crossed the south fork of the Columbia river and rolled away over the hills, as merry a band as you would wish to see.

I said the train contained five wagons. In each wagon was a family of those restless, adventurous spirits of the West, who are ever changing. They had probably lived in half the States and territories of the West, and were still seeking the promised land.

The guide was old John Turner, as noble and brave a man as ever trod the plains. He had determined to go to the fertile valley of the lower Columbia and embark in the business of farming, and consequently was taking his daughter with him.

This daughter composed his whole family. Her name was Jane, and being young, small, and shy, she was always called Little Jane.

Poor little Jane! I can now recall her appearance the morning we started. Her form was small and bony, with as many angles as a sage bush, and her face was very sad, and not at all handsome; but her hair was abundant and beautiful, and her eyes were dark hazel, and full of love and sympathy.

My friend, Bill King, was like myself, young and susceptible. His heart was touched by the quiet, loving eyes, and in less than two hours after he first saw her, he surprised me by pronouncing her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and after that, I observed that Billy and Jane became fast friends. They would remain up for hours after the others were wrapped in their blankets and sound asleep, sitting on stools by the camp-fire, talking low and quietly, doubtless laying rosy plans for the future when they were at the end of the long journey.

The next day after crossing the Blue Mountains, Billy became sick, and the train had to stop for several days.

Many were the anxious nights that I and little Jane spent by his bunk in the tent we had erected for him. It was then that I discovered the pure gold of little Jane's heart—its never-failing fountain of love and tenderness. Billy and I had wandered thousands of miles together, and our homes were both far away in the West. The place was the Mississippi valley, and I felt that the only friend I had in the world; and my heart ached as I looked at his poor pain-racked form lying on the blankets, and I loved little Jane because I felt that she loved Billy.

My heart went to swell as I watched her little form bent tenderly over him, forcing him to drink something which she believed possessed especial virtues; or serving him, with her own hands, some delicate morsel of wild meat, which she had carefully cooked to suit his taste.

She was by his bedside day and night, watching and working and praying for his recovery; and her prayers seemed to be answered, for, after a week's illness, Billy began to grow better, and having an elastic constitution, he was able to travel in a few days.

The morning was bright and sunny when the old guide announced that we would break up our camp and resume our line of march. Then, for the first time, I saw little Jane smile.

Billy continued to grow stronger, and by the time we reached the Cascade range of mountains and had begun to ascend their rugged slopes, Billy pronounced himself well.

"And I have you to thank for it, little girl," said he, patting little Jane on the cheek.

She smiled in reply; and then their hands met in one firm grasp, and I knew that I would lose my friend at the end of the trip.

"Billy, I am afraid I will have to take my next journey by myself," said Jane.

"Do not take any more. You have wandered enough; settle down and live with little Jane and I," said he.

"Yes! but where will I find a little Jane?" I said, laughing, and mounting my horse, I rode away up the mountain in search of game.

Ah! Billy, the hearts of men and women are the same the wide world over, thought I, as I galloped away.

In a few hours I reached the train toiling up the long grade, and handed into one of the wagons as fine

OH, SAY NOT SO!

ADDRESSED TO O. J.

BY MARY.

"Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away!
If love is wanting, turn to clay."

"If love is wanting? Say not so,
So much of joy we miss;
So much of grief and pain we have,
Oh, post, spare us this!
Let us believe, Kith and kin,
That love is that which leaves us not."

Love is life. It can't be wanting.
Gift from the hand Divine.
Beautiful flower from Eden's bower,
Meant to be mine and mine's.
Doubtless? Look in the blue above;
Read in its depths that "God is Love."

Sweet flowers that grace our woods and vales,
Dear, limpid, laughing rills,
Give faith in universal love,
Firm as our granite hills.
Aside from creed and rite we look,
And take our faith from Nature's book.

Doubt not the over-ruled Love—
Doubt not, for hearts like thine,
Allied to Nature, never miss
Love, human or Divine.
On earth below, in heaven above,
The ruling power of life is Love!

Kitty's Entanglement.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You will never make a decent match in the world," said Mrs. Price, who was severely intrenched behind the coffee-urn.

Breakfast was late that morning. Jack had finished his, but remained buried in the depths of the morning paper, and Mrs. Price was about to ring for the second time when the tardy members of the family made their appearance.

Two very pretty girls of nearly the same age, one petite, dimpled and rosy, the other tall and fair—respectively Kitty Gordon and Lucille Mayo, niece and youngest sister of Mrs. Price.

It was upon Kitty's willful head that the tide of the matron's indignation was turned.

"You flirted outrageously last night, Kitty Gordon! How long do you expect me to put up with such conduct? If I was dependent for what bread I eat, I'd try to be grateful for what was done for me. But, you'll miss your mark, young lady, let me tell you. You'll never make a decent match in the world."

Jack put down his paper and laid a protecting arm across the back of Kitty's chair.

"Don't be too sure of that, mother," said he, quietly. "And don't you badger the poor little girl. Kitty has agreed to marry me."

It was a bomb which took Mrs. Price altogether unawares. She might storm as she liked after that; Jack was adamant, but I'll have it all to pay for when he isn't. I don't know what I'll ever do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Fawcett," suggested Lucille. "She will be gone a month, and I have promised to take charge for her. Elinor will get over her vexation and be ready to make the best of things by the time we are home again."

"Don't make much difference whether she does or not," muttered Kitty, with a defiant toss of the head. "I shan't mind aunt Elinor's scolding when she can't do any harm by it."

"Any harm?" questioned Miss Mayo, with a look of surprise. "You are sure of Jack, I suppose! Is there anything else the matter?"

They had been three days in Mrs. Fawcett's house before Kitty fairly answered that question. She was flitting about the parlor, now standing at the piano fingering the keys, now teasing the parrot which hung head downward from its gilded ring, and at last turning petulantly upon Miss Mayo, who was calmly embroidering rose-roses on silk tapestry and giving very little heed to her restless companion.

"Lucille Mayo, I wonder if you know what trouble is?"

"Why, Kitty! Tell me yours if you are ready."

"You are too provoking," exclaimed Kitty, half-laughing, half-crying. "I'm in a dreadful scrape. I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world, but I'm engaged to another man."

"Engaged? To Kitty Gordon!"

"Now, if you're going to scold," cried Kitty, hysterically, "I'll just tell you what I care what becomes of me. You might wait till you hear how it happened before you snap me up like that."

Lucille laid down her work and folded her hands.

"Well, well," said she, soothingly; "tell me, dear."

"It was when I was at school," Kitty began her confession. "You don't know what times we had; up to anything for the sake of fun, and—and one night another girl and myself slipped out of a back window and went to a masquerade ball. You may depend upon it we had things gay, but we got caught, going home. It makes me sick only to think of it. The professor found us out and was on the watch for us, and we were marched off to his study, and Mary Foster, the mean thing, told him we were I had coaxed her into it, and she got off with a lecture and being kept as a prisoner within the limit of the grounds for a certain length of time, while I was expelled from the school."

"Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You can guess what a storm that was, and I told him I first declared I couldn't go home in disgrace, and I flung myself down on a sofa and cried until that grim old professor came and put his hand on my head. 'My child,' he said, 'I could tell you was softening, and went off into a perfect storm of grief, and I told him I was calling me 'darling Kitty' and telling me that he loved me, and I—I was just desperate, and promised to marry him if he would let me stay. I meant to get out of it before I should leave school, but, somehow, I didn't, and he has been writing to me and means to come and make me fulfill my promise."

"But, Kitty, if you write him the truth, that you don't care for him, he will surely release you."

"I did," explained Kitty, confusedly; "but you see I had told that friends would be apt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unduly influenced, and says he will rescue me from their tyranny. It was the luckiest chance that Mrs. Fawcett should go away as she did, and I have fixed it that he is to come here and see my aunt. Now, you, Lucille, and I have just told him anything to send him away, but don't for pity's sake breathe a word that will take him to aunt Elinor or cousin Jack. She would make me marry him out of spite, and Jack would be angry and let me. You will help me out of it, won't you, Lucille?"

"And in the end Lucille promised, though not without some misgivings."

"I am to understand that I was simply made the tool of your niece, Miss Mayo; that, having served her turn and purposes, she proposes to discard me without any further ceremony. Pardon me for asking, if that is the case, why she troubled herself to keep up the deceit?"

It came over Lucille Mayo as she stood before him that possibly Kitty had not been quite frank regarding her own share in the tender transaction. This was a very different order of man from the person she had expected to see. Not over thirty, with frank eyes just now holding an angry light, and a striking rather than a handsome face, he was a far remove from the grim old professor! She had mentally pictured, evidently not a man who would be lightly trifled with.

"I cannot take any second-hand assurance re-

garding a change in her which she herself has given me no reason to think has taken place," declared Professor Steele, when he had listened to the somewhat faltering statement she had to make.

"But," said Miss Mayo, considerably disturbed, "Kitty absolutely refuses to see you. I told her I convinced you that it is her wish. Then more firmly, 'I must say, sir, I have been led to believe that you took undue advantage of the influence you would naturally have over her and the strait she was in, but as a gentleman you will surely not refuse her the release she implores.'"

"I took advantage!" began Professor Steele, hotly, but he repressed his anger with a visible effort. "I have been led to believe that some attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up. I think I can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally, Miss Mayo. At any rate, my dismissal, if I receive it, must come at her hands."

It seemed to Lucille that there was nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Consequently Professor Steele remained to dinner, and Kitty came fluttering down in her prettiest dress, sweet, smiling and shy, and the evening was not half over before Lucille detected that instead of giving him his quietus, she was flirting desperately with the present lover, while the absent one seemed to have been obliterated from her thoughts. Lucille looked on, indignant and amazed. It was incomprehensible to her, knowing as she did that Kitty's affections were really fixed upon Jack.

"I can't help it," the pretty culprit protested, after the visitor had taken his departure and the two girls were alone for the night. "I tried to tell him how it was, but he had so much to say about his faith in me that I really couldn't. He seems to think that it is a put up job to marry me to Jack, says he won't let it be done, and now it's a thousand times worse than before for he is going to stay at the hotel till everything is settled, and he'll come again to-morrow, but I won't see him; he must go away and let me alone."

Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining smiles anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She would cry and be all repentance one hour, only to dry her tears and flirt again if the professor appeared the next. From blaming her severely, Lucille began to pity her, and met him one day with her own resolution formed.

"Professor Steele," said she, "you are letting Kitty do both herself and you the greatest injustice. She is engaged to her cousin and loves him I do believe, but she is a born coquette and cannot resist the temptation to flirt though it should destroy her own happiness. I know you don't like me because you fancy I have opposed my cousin's suit, but I must try to show you the truth. You may possibly do her the injustice of breaking off her match with Jack; you may even induce her to marry you, but I would never pity either of you."

"Which of us do you pity now?" asked Professor Steele, with a half-smile quivering about his mouth.

"Kitty doesn't deserve it of me," continued Lucille, without noticing his interruption, "but I do ask you for her sake to forego your claim and leave her before harm is done."

"And give up the poor revenge of cutting out the cousin after he had supplanted me? I would require some compensation for that."

Lucille gave him a surprised and inquiring glance.

"Are you—are you not so much in love?"

"Not so much in love as to be altogether befooled; nor so blind as not to see the difference. Lucille, don't you know that I am more in love with you in a week's time than with her in a year? I feel a little ashamed of having revenged my wounded vanity by teasing Miss Kitty, but my heart is so full of you that I shall be fully repaid for any disappointment she caused me to suffer."

Well, she did it, of course; and Kitty pouted at having the knot of her entanglement cut for her in this unexpected way, but Jack never suspected that he had even a cause for jealousy against the uncle-in-law who was presented to him at a later date.

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ant handed a card to a servant, begging that it be given to the general.

"The general is absent, senior," returned the servant with answer.

"Ask to see Senorita Revilla," quickly whispered the midshipman.

The officer immediately asked that the card be returned to the Senorita Inez, and he was requested to walk to the midshipman following.

"You would see my uncle, the commandante?" said Inez Revilla, rising, as the two officers entered the room.

"Yes, lady, but I am told he is not here at present. I returned from the Sea Hawk, at the request of Captain Markham, to ask General Sebastian to allow me to take the prisoner, Rafael the Rover, back on board the vessel, to obtain from him some valuable testimony which he alone can give."

Inez Revilla, since the departure of Captain Markham and his cover, had been pacing the floor, vainly endeavoring to hit upon some clever plan for the escape of Rafael. Now she was all attention, at the mention of his name, and had Bancroft Edmunds been the officer sent for him, she would boldly have asked him to allow her to take the prisoner.

"Perhaps there may be some chance if he goes. I will let the officer communicate with Alfuerte," she thought, and calling to a servant she bade him conduct the officers to the aide's quarters, saying, "I can do nothing, seniors, but perhaps Captain Alfuerte may."

The lieutenant turned to go; but the midshipman stepped close up to Inez, and whispered, quickly:

"Lately, would you see Rafael die? Remember he saved you from worse than death."

"I do remember; and I would save him were it in my power; but how can I?"

"With ease. Give the order for him to return with us to the ship. You are a woman, and you would not have his life on your head when you can save him."

"No, no, no; but who are you?"

"Can I trust you?"

"With your life."

"I am not what I seem: I am a woman—the daughter of one who told Rafael that you were in the power of the Red Rover."

"You are Pretty Nellie, then?" eagerly said Inez.

"Yes, lady! Now let him go—please let him go, and even the wicked buccaners will pray for and bless you!" pleaded Nellie.

"This is a bold, desperate game to play, and you shall not lose if I can aid you. I will act at once, Garcia!"

"Well, Senorita Inez," and a soldier came in from the hallway.

"Did Captain Alfuerte come here, and also Lieutenant Edmunds, the American officer with him—ah! they are here."

"Senorita, in the absence of your uncle I cannot let the prisoner go, even though I would like to, under the circumstances," said Eduard Alfuerte, entering the room, accompanied by the two officers.

"Then I will take the responsibility, senior captain. I know why the prisoner is wanted. Please have him brought at once from his dungeon, and I will report it to my uncle."

The aide bowed and retired, with the look upon his face that the maiden was taking a great deal upon herself; but, he said nothing, and in fifteen minutes more, the supposed Americans passed out of the Moro gateway, with Rafael the Rover between them.

At a glance the chief had recognized Roy Woodbridge, Nellie, and the men; but no sign of betrayal or recognition, and they reached the boat in safety, and were soon on board the lugger, which at once got under way and headed out of the harbor, Mabel Markham standing on deck as she glided by the Sea Hawk, and rejoicing that she heard of the escape of the man she now loved with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

As the lugger disappeared in the gloom, seaward, Mabel Markham turned and greeted her father and Lieutenant Edmunds, who just then came on board, and as she looked her eyes fell on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deck.

"It is the body of Melville; we will bury it to-morrow with honors," said her father, and with a shudder the maiden descended to the cabin and her father and the fleet-sailed *carrera* flow down the harbor, going seaward with all sail set.

CHAPTER XLIII.
MAD MAUD'S STORY.

As soon as he reached the deck of the lugger, Rafael felt that he was free, and gave the orders to at once get to sea.

"You, Salvador, with two men, jump into the sea, and stay at row to the upper end of the harbor after the *carrera*. You will find he anchored off the small creek that puts in there."

"Tell Matt Morton to spread all sail, and come at once to the island. Now, Woodbridge, let her head seaward," and Rafael descended into the cabin, and as she looked her eyes fell on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deck.

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"She is at the chief's cabin, senorita," said a buccaner.

"And my father?" asked Rafael.

"Up at the cabin," was the answer.

Dreading evil, Rafael and Nellie walked rapidly on and soon reached the quarters of the chief.

The door was open, and just within lay a form upon a cot, while beside it knelt Mad Maud—her face pale and tear-stained.

"You have come too late; he is dead."

"Dead, Maud! My father dead?" cried Rafael, kneeling by the cot.

"Yes; he grieved so for you that he brought on hemorrhage from his wound, and it killed him—your father and my husband."

"Woman, what mean you? This is no time for you to show your madness," said Rafael, sternly.

"Rafael Mordaunt, I am not mad. I was mad, oh, yes; but the fire has gone from my brain, and I am now sane, and I tell you the truth—that man was my husband and I am your mother."

Rafael gazed upon her in silence: could he believe what he heard?

Since his fourth year he had never seen his mother, and had been told that she was dead—cruelly murdered—could it be she?

"Do you tell the truth?" he gasped, at last, while Nellie, pale and trembling, stood by.

"So help me God, yes! Listen, Rafael, and you shall judge."

"Twenty years ago I married the man who lies dead before me. It was far away from here—in a Northern State. He was rich, I was poor, and his riches and good looks won me from one I then loved, and to whom I was engaged."

THE WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

Behold, beside the garden gate,
A bright-eyed cherub, lonely, stands
At eve, when Nalads contemplate
Their shining waves and golden sands,
And wood-nymphs, filled with deep surprise,
From silvan nooks in haste retire,
As Day's great king deludes their eyes,
And makes the leaves appear on fire.

The shepherd drives his fleecy charge
Athwart the fair and verdant vale,
Erstwhile, the browsing kine discharge
Their odors into Mary's pall,
The feathered choir, whose sweetest notes
This charming landscape heard, to-day,
Refresh their little, weary throats
In yonder cascade by the way.

Sweet Peace reposes over all,
And silence reassumes her sway;
The mill-wheel rests beside the wall,
The plow upon the fœdual clay,
The brook's low murmur in the glen
Falls faintly on the listening ear,
Unbroken, save when in the fen
The croaking frog's low voice we hear.

But, these are all the sounds that mar
The solemn stillness of the scene,
While, here and there, a pallid star
Appears, to greet Night's coming Queen;
Whose light will chase the coming shade,
Whose smile shall play upon the main,
Whence, maybe, some brave, hopeful band
Shall ne'er come back to friends again.

But, what induced that little lass
To go to yonder garden gate,
And there, half-covered by the grass,
To stay, so patiently, so late?
Lo, through the quivering poplar shade,
A hero comes, with measured tread,
And, on his shoulder, that true blade,
With which he lays the living dead.

But, though he cuts the living down,
No human blood lies on his hands;
In murder he finds no renown,
For he battles with his lands,
Nor, like the martial hero, he
Bends down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.

The victor sees the little maid,
Whose ardent kisses now repay
The labor of his shining blade,
That mowed the serried ranks to-day,
And, here comes "Ginger," blind with age,
To swell the conquering hero's train!
While, be it told in Story's page,
No tears are shedding for the slain.

And, at the vine-surrounded door,
His wife receives him with a smile;
Nor is the baby, on the floor,
Unmindful of "Papa" the while.
For, see! it rises and it goes
To where it thinks and words resound,
As, with its little timid toes,
It tries, anon, to grasp the ground.

Columbia! may you depend,
Forevermore, on men like this,
But never need them to defend
The right you hold to Freedom's bliss!
And, long may such brave soldiers find
In home's delight their best reward—
Their proper work, as God designed,
In cutting down the scented sword!

Tales of an Army Officer.

"PASSING IN HIS CHECKS,"

OR,

On the War-path with General Crook.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER, U. S. A.

It was the Centennial year—the 10th of September—that General Crook's command was on its way to the Black Hills. Captain Mills's Third Cavalry had gone ahead, to buy rations, at the first settlement, and bring them out to us. We were without food of any kind, and had been in this condition for days.

During the march horses were killed and butchered by the men, who were in a starving condition, and on our arrival in camp, that night, Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, made an issue of horse-meat to the command, the first issue of the kind ever made in the United States army.

I did not partake of this kind of food until the next day; there was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; and as the next issue was Indian pony meat, the necessity never existed, for which I am very thankful.

General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry, in my presence said: "That no horse was to be shot; that if a horse broke down you were to give him a chance, by leaving him near water." Somebody said: "But, general, the Indians will get them."

"I do not care; they deserve a chance; life is as dear to them as to us."

I thought at the time that it spoke well for his humanity, for he was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; and as the next issue was Indian pony meat, the necessity never existed, for which I am very thankful.

Shortly after leaving camp on the morning of the 11th, an order was passed back to "fall out" weak horses who could not make a forced march of twenty miles, and gradually the news came along the column:

"Mills has had a fight, and sent for reinforcements and ammunition."
This news put life into the whole command, and no one wanted to "fall out," and many a bloody flank that day told how our men got through; for the ground, soaked with the continual rain we had had, was fearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step.

Here we found a guidon of the Seventh Cavalry, and a corn-sack marked Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were in Custer's fight, as well as being among those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river.

In a ravine close to the village—you might say in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their number unknown, and they had wounded a

number of soldiers, who had had the temerity to approach too near. Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, and aide-de-camp to General Crook, determined to oust them; and a number of officers and men volunteered—myself among the number.

Frank White with the scouts had crept around the ravine, and gained a position in close proximity to the Indians; and as the bank they were on was higher than the one we were advancing to, had nearly a view of the Indians, and they had succeeded in keeping down their fire. We hailed Frank, and told him, and the others, to keep up as steady a fire as they could to protect our advance; and then we went for it at a rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened; two of our men were instantly killed, but we kept up firing. I glanced across the ravine at the scouts when I saw Frank White and Baptiste Furrier, with cries like a mountain lion—when wounded—rise and jump for the ravine, quicker than thought—withstanding the deadly fire they were under. Up rose two Indians and fired. Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done for; go for them, boys!" and he fell back, stone dead.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of the Indians and raised his scalp. If I live until my hair is gray, I never shall forget the picture he made. His face expressed concentrated hatred and revenge. We continued pouring in a deadly fire on the huddled Indians, until the cry came:

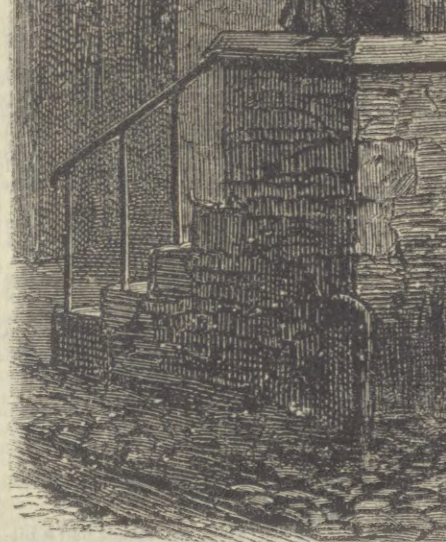
"Stop, for God's sake, stop!"

Far above the din made by the carbines and revolvers could be heard the cries of women and children, and the pitiful wail of infants. Some daring officers at once jumped into the ravine and helped Baptiste hand out a number of women and children. Among the latter was a baby a few days old, whose mother was dead. It was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it back into the ravine, laying it by its dead mother, and saying:

"I have no milk; and there it stayed for probably an hour.

The bucks had moved up the ravine about six or seven yards, and with great credit, let it be recorded, did not fire while the officers were aiding their women and children; showing in this way that they have not lost all chivalry in their contact with the "Agency squaw-men."

General Crook determined not to allow any



"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

more firing on the ravine, but to take the Indians prisoners if possible; and if not, to burn them out, for already the casualties on our side were equal to the number of Indians in the ravine.

To this end he had a guard stretched outside of the line of fire and sent one of the squaws into the ravine to summon the Indians to surrender, and to inform them that they would be burned out if they did not.

After considerable time elapsing in parleying, they came out and delivered up their arms. One of them, American Horse, was badly wounded and died that night. On entering the ravine a sad sight met our gaze. A number of Indians were weltering in blood, among them two squaws. One of the latter I am certain must have been killed in the charge of the morning, and had been used as a breast-work, for she was so pallid as to give rise to the cry, "A white man!"

Her sex was soon discovered, and pity took the place of the revengeful feelings aroused by the cry.

General Crook ascertained from the prisoners that Crazy Horse, with over three hundred lodges, was about twenty miles from us, but owing to the want of rations and the condition of our horses it was impossible to make any demonstration against him, and even if we had, the chances are we would have been worsted in a lengthened scout.

In the afternoon about four o'clock Crazy Horse and his warriors, to the number of about five hundred, made an attack on us. Our camp was surrounded on three sides by bluffs, capped by small cedar trees, and the Indians came down them with their usual yell, driving in our pickets.

I expect they thought we were only a small party, and hoped to get our stock; it must have been a surprise to them to be confronted as they were, in a few moments, by nearly two thousand men in skirmish line.

The company herds were at once driven into the bed of Owl Creek to prevent a stampede. The main attack was on Colonel Mason's front, and extended nearly around the camp; skirmishing was general, and the Indians were driven back from ridge to ridge, until night fell and put an end to the fighting.

Rations we had to have; so, after entirely destroying the village, and burying our own dead under the burnt lodges, so our red brothers could not find them, we again took up our march for the new "El Dorado."

* White men who marry squaws.

THE CALIFORNIA MISER.—Michael Reese, the deceased miser of San Francisco, was a slave-trader at one period of his career. The wealth amassed by him amounted to seven or eight millions. He made a dozen fortunes in his lifetime, and was a dozen times, by the bankruptcy of others, by fire, and by shipwreck, reduced to beggary. A bachelor, he lived for many years a solitary life in a small and meanly-furnished apartment in one of his own buildings, but of late had quarters with an acquaintance in a suburban village, so as to evade city taxation on his personal property. His business office, in which negotiations involving millions were conducted, was a small room hardly large enough for a Chinese cigar shop. In habits, dress and manner he was a miser, but he was aware of it, and dispassionately protested that he couldn't help it, because it was a disease with him.

The Dark Lady of Dundee.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"Then open your gates and let me go free,
For I cannot stay longer in Bonnie Dundee."
—SCOTT.

The very pink and flower of Scottish chivalry indeed was Roland Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who flourished during the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned twenty-one at the time when the young French woman landed on the shores destined to prove so fatal to her; an acknowledged leader among the young "bloods" of the gay court—gay enough, indeed, during the early part of Mary's reign, thanks to the sprightly French fashions which she introduced; and it was no wonder that the gossip of the capital looked anxiously to see what fair dame the viscount would honor with his attentions.

And the most unlikely lady of all the fair ones of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nobleman selected.

Three brothers were there of the Maxwell clan, Robert, Alexander and David; Robert, the Rough; Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them. And these three border lords, as ruthless and as wild as any unburnt moss-trooper native to the English "pale," had a sister, so soft and fair that even the gay French gallants, who were wont roundly to swear that the murky land of the north could boast no ladies to compare to the dames of la belle France, were fain to hymn her praises as being a very paragon of woman-kind.

Margaret she was called, a pure Scottish blue-bell, loving and gentle.

The fortunes of the Maxwell men had been on the wane for quite a number of years. A long and bloody feud with the powerful Scott clan had brought them nigh to the verge of ruin, but in these dark hours from a single accidental circumstance, David, the Crafty—and well he deserved the name—formed a plan by means of which the fallen fortunes of the Maxwell house might be lifted up again.

Great Murray, earl of that name, had journeyed to the border-land on purpose to sit in

judgment, and with the strong hand of power settle the long and bloody feud between the rival clans, Maxwell and Scott.

And at the Maxwell tower great Murray had seen the pretty Margaret—had seen and fancied the fresh young beauty, and solely on her account had knocked with the transgressions of the Maxwell men who, by the evidence of impartial witnesses, were proved to be the aggressors upon the opposite faction, nine times out of ten.

The chiefs of Scott grumbled and denounced the decisions of Murray, for they had calculated that he would hold the scales of justice with an even hand; but when he adjudged that both were equally to blame, and threatened the power of the crown's strong arm upon the first one to renew the quarrel, they cried out against the injustice of the decision and withdrew in wrath.

But they little dreamed why Murray had so decided.

In their side of the scales sat justice, but on the Maxwell side the blooming beauty easily outweighed the blind goddess.

Crafty David resolved to make the best use of the fortunate tide.

"We must to Holyrood!" he cried, to one of his brothers, "and Maggie must go along with us; she has taken Murray's eye, and as she thrives so well we. Her soft lips shall win for us what our hard hands have lost."

And so away at once to Holyrood they went. One minute before she and kissed Thorn Tressel good-by for six weeks—handsome Thorn Tressel, with eyes blue as a forget-me-not, that had a trick of making silent, passionate love when they looked into a pretty woman's eyes, with his heavy golden mustache shading a mouth whose smile was faultless, with his close curling hair—oh, such a grand-looking fellow he was that now, as he rode toward the village depot, with one of Miss Dalzell's grooms at a respectful distance, Octavia's heart was giving great bounds of ecstasy as she watched him and thought, that when he came again, six weeks later, when the blossoms would be falling in showers over the fresh young grass, it would be to claim her for his bride.

"My love, my darling, my Thorn!"

Her lovely dark eyes were tender with the womanly devotion of her heart—the heart she had given so freely, despite her reserve, her haughty pride, when Thorn Tressel had sued.

For she loved him so truly, so proudly that it seemed to her a very little thing to give him her own true sweet self with the seventy thousand dollars and the magnificent estate of which she was owner, where she lived a sort of idolized young queen by her friends and servants.

And Mr. Thorn Tressel! Galloping along to the depot at the end of his five days' visit, his handsome face wore a look of mingled triumph and relief.

"Thank God, so much of it's over! To be sure, it's remarkably delightful to fall into such a well-furnished nest and realize that a fellow has secured a life free from debts and duns, all very delightful, and I appreciate it vastly—if it wasn't such a deuce of a bore—this love-making and devotion, and the loss of freedom. By George, it's a deuced nuisance, though, and if I wasn't so sure of his five days' visit, I'd rather have a month, yes, six weeks yet—thank fortune I've that reprieve before I bid good-by to single-blessedness—and I'll cram all the enjoyment I can into it, or I'll be because Blanche Conway has forgotten how to flirt."

And while his thoughts ran on in such loyalty

delectable style, Octavia Dalzell was sitting in the gathering twilight, crying softly for love of him, for genuine loneliness at prospect of her six weeks' separation from him!

The red banners of sunset were streaming out against a lovely opaline sky, and the soft hush that comes at the death of the day was brooding like a benediction over the lawns and terraces at Miss Dalzell's home, and Octavia, with a scarlet shawl draped artistically over her dusky hair, stood at the rustic entrance-gate to the footpath, reading a letter just brought from the village post-office.

She had confidently expected a letter from Thorn Tressel and her cheeks had paled a little with keen disappointment when she found there was none for her; then, news from her one married sister living in New York being next welcome, she had selected Mrs. Arlingville's, and stood leaning against the carved gate-post while she read the delightful gossip, and the urgent invitation to go to the city for a few days' final shopping and enjoyment before the wedding that was now but two weeks off.

And suddenly the determination came to Octavia to run down to the city again, despite her previous judgment that it was unnecessary.

"It will be such a charming surprise to Thorn to see me, and I do so want to see him, too! Yes, it will be delightful, and I shall have Augusta to thank for a very great and unexpected pleasure."

So, twenty-four hours later saw Octavia Dalzell and Mrs. Arlingville in full swing of delightful chat and gossip over their chocolate and cream-coast, in Mrs. Arlingville's dainty little rose-hung boudoir.

"And now tell me what you think of Thorn, Augusta? You had never met him when I saw you last—tell me, isn't he handsome and grand, and good enough for a princess?"

Octavia's face was all eloquent over Mr. Tressel, and her dark eyes shone with an eagerness that somehow seemed almost cruel to Mrs. Arlingville to be obliged to dampen.

"Mr. Tressel is certainly handsome, dear—one of the finest looking young men I have ever seen, very stylish and self-possessed, and a great favorite in society."

Octavia looked questioningly at her sister.

"There is not the hearty ring in your words I want, Augusta. Don't you like Thorn? Truly, Augusta, why do you speak so—so—doubtfully?"

Mrs. Arlingville laid down her little gold spoon in the pink saucer as she met Octavia's clear, frank gaze.

"Because, dear, I am a little distrustful of him. He is too fond of ladies' society for a man who expects to be married in so short a time. He flirts too much, dear, to give promise of a faithful, devoted husband. People remark his attention to Miss Conway, and even doubt his engagement at all."

A faint surprise of pain came into Octavia's eyes and her lips quivered.

"Oh, Augusta, how can he be so thoughtless! for it is only thoughtlessness, I know," Mrs. Arlingville shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Thoughtlessness! Well, perhaps it is! Suppose we go to Mrs. St. George's reception to-night and you can see for yourself. Mr. Tressel does not dream of your being in town."

Later, Octavia stood before the dressing-glass, with vivid carnation tints on her cheeks, and flashing brilliance in her brown eyes as she wondered what would come to her that night—whether she should or should not prove her lover's thoughtlessness.

She was very quiet at Mrs. St. George's, not dancing or promenading, but sitting in the retirement of a cosy corner, with Mrs. Arlingville, watching with eager eyes every newcomer who paid respects to the hostess, and at last rewarded by a sight that sent the blood racing from her cheeks—the sight of Mr. Tressel, tall, handsome and distinguished even among the handsome and distinguished men who thronged Mrs. St. George's elegant parlors—Mr. Thorn Tressel, with a petite, laughing-eyed girl on his arm to whom he was very evidently very devoted.

Mrs. Arlingville touched Octavia with her fan, and Octavia turned a swiftly paling face mutely in answer, while great hot throbs of jealous pain seized her heart at sight of her lover, her darling, bending his head over Blanche Conway's pretty head, just as he had bowed over her—and was he whispering in Blanche Conway's ears as he had whispered in hers!

Such a miserable, faint, desolateness kept creeping on toward her heart, even after Mr. Tressel and Miss Conway had gone on into the dancing saloon, that Octavia found it impossible to remain quietly where she was.

"I want to get away from here—I shall scream or cry—or something—I must go home, Augusta; I must get away!"

And Mrs. Arlingville's lovely eyes were full of pity that it had been so ordered that Thorn Tressel's hand was the master one who could so change the current of Octavia's life river.

"Poor dear—do you really love him so well! Somehow I had thought—I had hoped—"

She whispered it as she and Octavia were standing in one of the dressing-rooms, putting on their wraps, and Octavia turned her dark eyes, all aflash, on her.

"Augusta! Was I not to be his—"

And just that instant two girls came laughing and chatting into the adjoining dressing-room one whom thrust out a dainty cream-kid hand to her companion.

"Fasten my glove, there's a darling, Lu! And then arrange these heavenly flowers in my hair—Mr. Tressel begged me to wear them the rest of the evening."

"Lu" laughed as she obeyed the little beauty's requests.

"Blanche, do you know you are flirting most outrageously to-night? I do declare I shall begin to reverse my decision and admit that after all Mr. Tressel is a very nice fellow, and desirous of being captured by you."

Miss Conway's light, joyous laugh sent every drop of blood curdling through Octavia's veins.

"In the market! Of course he's in the market! It's all the most silly nonsense this talk of his being engaged to me!"

Why, he talks to me as no gentleman would dare talk unless he meditated a speedy proposal—depend on it. Lu, my dear, if you intend to be first bridemaid at my wedding to Mr. Tressel you'd better be thinking about getting ready. Thanks! the flowers look lovely. Shall we go down now? Mr. Tressel assured me he would die of impatience if I was not back immediately."

And, when the young ladies had gone down the stairs, Octavia deliberately stepped to the balustrade and looked over to see Thorn Tressel meet Miss Conway with a smile and a whispered word that proved to her the girl was justified in her opinion.

Then, very quietly, she and Mrs. Arlingville took their leave, leaving behind her forever the bright, sweet dreams from which she had been so rudely, so pitifully, so mercifully awakened.

While on the morrow came the dispelling of the delightful delusions—delusions she had never dreamed would prove so such, but which he knew were only his honest desires, when, in a curt, cold note, Octavia Dalzell told him she thought Miss Blanche Conway a far preferable match for him, but that, whether or not her opinion and the young lady's agreed, she must withdraw from her engagement with him for obvious reasons.

Nor did all Mr. Tressel's subsequent efforts prove the least successful in bridging the chasm his own hands had made. When he wrote, Octavia returned his letters unopened. When he called at Mrs. Arlingville's she refused to see him. When he followed her to her home, she gave orders that she was peremptorily engaged. And so, he had to give it up—the wealth, the luxury, the position she would generously have given him, and he is still on the quiet vice for a woman who can make it worth his while to marry, while Blanche Conway, the only one he ever really cared much for, laughs in his face at his awkward dilemma, since Mrs. Arlingville was not at all averse to publishing his contemptible shortcomings.

Seeing and Believing.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OCTAVIA DALZELL sat inside the heavy amber velvet curtains that draped the big bay window off from the elegant drawing-room making the most cozy little spot imaginable, with its vines and blooming flowers, its two or three statues, its two silken easy-chairs.

One minute before she and kissed Thorn Tressel good-by for six weeks—handsome Thorn Tressel, with eyes blue as a forget-me-not, that had a trick of making silent, passionate love when they looked into a pretty woman's eyes, with his heavy golden mustache shading a mouth whose smile was faultless, with his close curling hair—oh, such a grand-looking fellow he was that now, as he rode toward the village depot, with one of Miss Dalzell's grooms at a respectful distance, Octavia's heart was giving great bounds of ecstasy as she watched him and thought, that when he came again, six weeks later, when the blossoms would be falling in showers over the fresh young grass, it would be to claim her for his bride.

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